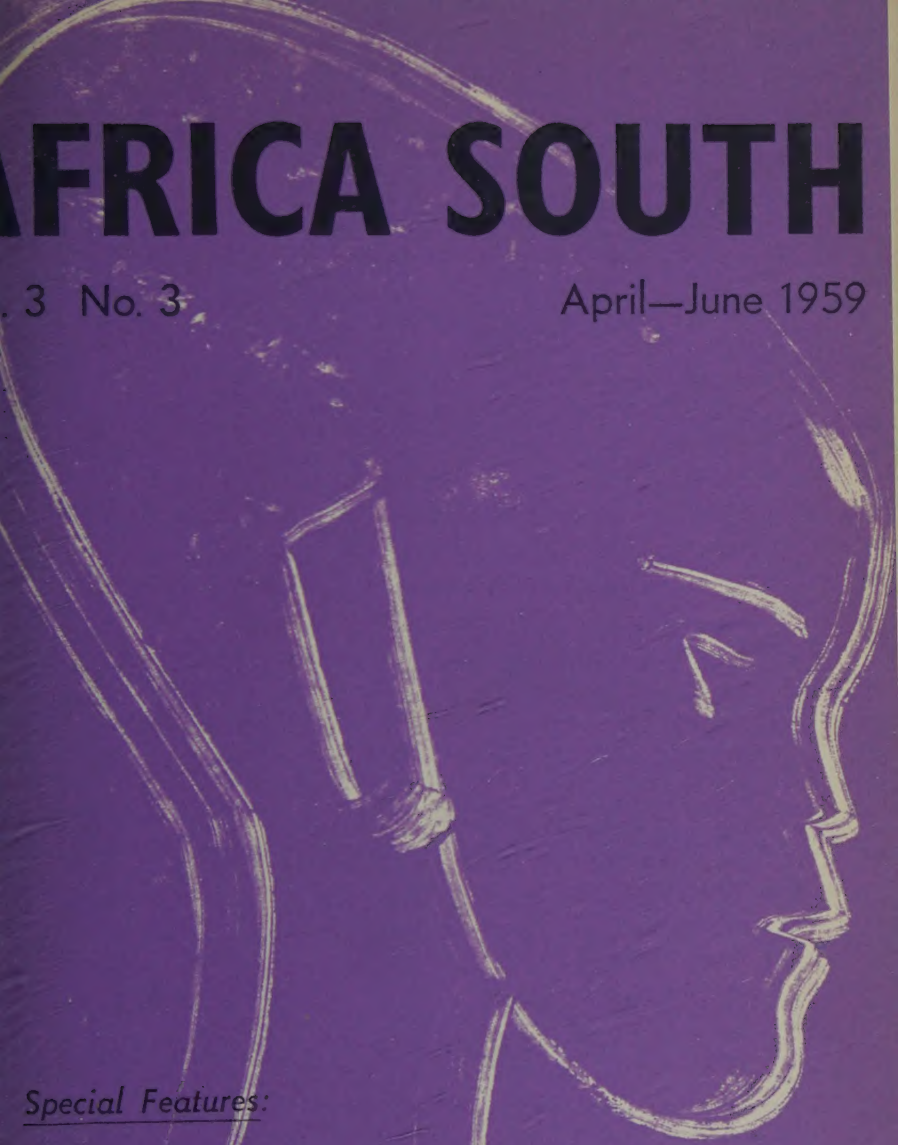
AFRICA SOUTH

. 3 No. 3 April—June 1959



Special Features:

THE ANATOMY OF REVOLUTION
by Prof. G. D. H. Cole

FRENCH WEST AFRICA
by Basil Davidson

DEBBIE GO HOME
A Short Story by Alan Paton

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA 3/9
AT BRITAIN AND AFRICA 4/-
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA 75c
INDIA AND CEYLON Rs. 2.50

africa south

VOL. 3 No. 3 EDITOR: RONALD M. SEGAL APRIL-JUNE 195

CONTENTS

AFRICAN AVALANCHE - - - - - - - - -

CARTOON *by David Marais* - - - - - - - -

TWO TRIBUTES - - - - - - - - - -

LEBENSRAUM IN LIMBO *by Reginald Reynolds* - - - - - (

THE ANATOMY OF REVOLUTION *by Professor G. D. H. Cole* - - 1

MASS TRIALS *by James Fairbairn* - - - - - - - 1

WOMEN AND PASSES (II) *by Helen Joseph, with a drawing by David Marais* 2

KINGS OF ALEXANDRA *by Arnold Benjamin* - - - - - 2

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY AND THE COLOUR BAR *by Shulamith Muller* 3

TRIBALISM COMING TO TOWN *by Julius Lewin* - - - - 4

REQUIEM FOR SOPHIATOWN *by Can Temba, with a drawing by David Marais* - - - - - - - - - - 4

BASUTOLAND IN TRANSITION *by Patrick Duncan* - - - - 5

FISH ON FRIDAYS—A PORTRAIT OF MOZAMBIQUE *by Owen Williams* - 6

BULAWAYO DIARY *by Gerda Siann* - - - - - - 6

PAN-AFRICANISM AT ACCRA *by Catherine Hoskyns* - - - - 7

FRENCH WEST AFRICA *by Basil Davidson* - - - - - 7

NIGERIA: THE BACKGROUND TO FEDERATION *by L. K. Jakande* - 8

THE GHANA GOVERNMENT *by Dennis Austin* - - - - 9

ARCHITECTURE IN WEST AFRICA *(with illustrations) by Arthur M. Foyle* - 9

SYMBOLS AT LITTLE ROCK *by Nelson P. Guild* - - - - 10

CONFLICTS AND LOYALTIES *by Dr. A. C. Jordan* - - - - 11

DEBBIE GO HOME *by Alan Paton* - - - - - - 11

BOOK REVIEWS *by Lionel Abrahams, T. S. L. Fox-Pitt* - - - 12

AFRICA SOUTH is published quarterly by Africa South Publications (Pty.) Ltd. Editorial and Advertising Offices are at 2 Vlam Gebou, Parliament Street, Cape Town, South Africa. Price per issue 3s. 9d.; 15s. per year, post free in the Union of South Africa. In the United States, promotion offices are located at 320 W. 87th Street, New York, N.Y., and subscriptions should be sent to Mrs. S. Pauley at that address. Price per issue 75c; $3 per year, post free. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N.Y. Price per issue in the United Kingdom 4s.; 16s. per year, post free. Representative, Miss R. Ainslie, 31A, John Adam St., London, W.C.2. Price per issue in West Africa 4s.; 16s. per year, post free. Representative, Mr. E. Mphahlele, Dept. of Extra-mural Studies, University College, Ibadan, Nigeria. Price per issue in South Asia Rs. 2.50; Rs. 10 per year, post free. Representatives, Messrs. K. V. G. de Silva & Sons, 415 Galle Road, Colombo 4, Ceylon.

AFRICAN AVALANCHE

THERE should be something elementally tragic about the trek of the Afrikaner into fantasy, an inevitable blindness from which only suffering can offer an escape-route to sight. Africa is surging around his ankles already, and he busies himself in building dykes with the sand. Tribalism is to be resurrected in the cities, the African proletariat proselytized to submission, and supremacy remounted on horseback with a rifle in its hand. Is it possible that the Government genuinely believes itself capable of accomplishing a sudden political atrophy in Africa? Or are the laying of plans a protracted protection against panic, a sort of playing of patience in the tents before the battle to keep the mind from preying on results? Either way, events such as last year's Accra Conference and the January rioting in Leopoldville must make it difficult for Dr. Verwoerd to maintain his Messianic self-confidence.

He cannot have squeezed much encouragement from the first All-African People's Conference at Accra. For it clearly revealed the development of what Dr. Nkrumah has called an 'African Personality'. Africans *do* confess a Continental identity—a common oppression, whether past or present, unites them in antagonism and aspiration alike. Techniques of struggle obviously differ, as do the techniques of repression to which they react. Guinea is not Algeria. But there is no Balkanising of objectives, as cracks the shell before the chicken has a chance. An immense solidarity unquestionably exists, and Dr. Verwoerd will have to face the fact that political 'group areas' are not for export.

The Congo is the pulse of classic colonialism in Africa, and the recent coronary in Leopoldville must have jolted white supremacy from Cape Town to Nairobi. For if the Congo goes, African liberation will have driven a stake into the very heart of imperial rule and laid its ghost forever. No doubt the South African Government would offer military assistance to Belgium if rioting ever turned into rebellion. But not even South African troops can make it possible for Belgium to continue its control over an area as vast as the Congo, should the 13,000,000 Africans there lose popular patience with hollow promises and programmes. And it is by no means certain that the Belgians would be willing to engage themselves in the type of ruinously expensive attempt at pacification that has drained the moral and

financial blood of France in Indo-China and Algeria and that ends inevitably in the defeat of utter exhaustion. Indeed, the rapidity with which political concessions followed the Leopoldville rioting pledges an early abdication of colonial rule in order to salvage some form of economic hegemony.

With French West Africa and British East also in ferment, the shutters are being wrenched open one after the other, and white supremacy can feel the breath of black Africa hot on its neck. The Union, together with its two Portuguese protectorates and the Rhodesias, may scratch around for sympathy and assistance from the West, but it is growing steadily more embarrassing for Britain and America to acknowledge any open association. The vast new markets of Africa and Asia are up before the hammer, and cash bids require the backing of propaganda. That the United States should have voted—for the first time—to condemn South Africa's racial policies at last year's meeting of the United Nations reveals her recognition of this. And doubtless the pressure upon her to be a great deal more forceful will grow, as will her readiness under a battery of trade retreats. Even the Conservative Government in Britain is becoming publicly impatient with the acrobatics of 'partnership'. Suez set the Commonwealth tottering dangerously. A political orgy in Central Africa would throw it flat on its face.

It would be asking too much of settler Africa, however, to expect it to come to early terms with reality. White Rhodesians are obsessed with the superstition that practical democracy promises a fate far worse than death. And white intransigence is likely to increase as black demands for non-racial government grow. British settlers are loyal to Britain only up to a point, and in a choice between white supremacy and the 'connection', sentiment will rapidly evaporate. Should a British Government indeed decide to call the settler bluff, delay dominion status and refuse assistance in the event of an African uprising until substantial political concessions are surrendered to the blacks, is is very probable that the white populations of the Rhodesias will seek salvation in the South and adjust to some form of federation with the Union. In that event, $3\frac{1}{4}$ million whites will have to rule by suicidal terror a population of more than 19 million non-whites, with the ever-increasing pressure of an antagonistic free Africa to the north. The end cannot be very long in doubt.

Should a British Government, however, collapse to settler

blackmail, deliver dominion status at call, and then assist in the resultant repression of Nyasaland and the African populations of the Rhodesias, the 'connection' may be saved for a while, but bloody little else. As the example of Kenya showed, emergencies are extravagant. And only radical concessions can save the state from economic chaos. With Britain firmly seated in the saddle, reforms might be forced upon settlerdom in time to save Central Africa from the anguish of the Union. But either way, whether the white Rhodesians hitch themselves to South Africa or not, democracy will flood down the Zambesi as surely as it is doing down the Congo.

Within the Union itself, those whites who have given up any real hope of influencing an intransigent electorate through logic or through fear, stand on the sidelines wringing their hands or write frantic pamphlets describing the debauchery they despise. Yet they fly from the one real political function they can valuably fulfil—by working with the non-white political organizations, to assist and influence them, keeping them democratic and non-racial in objective and struggle. Their despair is self-perpetuating, for they reject the disease of white supremacy together with its only possible cure. By keeping the African political movements in racial insulation, they encourage the growth of the very black nationalism they fear.

And meanwhile white South Africa as a whole delivers itself up to the glamour of its Götterdämmerung. There may—who knows?—be a few deranged enough to believe that they can make history freeze fast in its tracks if only they will it strenuously enough. But most enjoy the luxuries of race rule with a foretaste of disaster, planting their retribution at some indefinite date in the far future and anticipating heroics in its shade. They sense, as they must, that the cards of the contemporary world are stacked against apartheid and that every deal can only be a defeat. Fascinated, they watch the advance of the African avalanche, blind to its momentum and moral cohesion alike. That they should choose wilfully to be buried underneath its rocks ought to constitute the stuff of tragedy. As it is, the vanity of their gesture is so vast that history will point out their mound as a monument to the melodrama of stupidity and greed.

The Last Trek.

TWO TRIBUTES

It is with a sense of enormous loss that we record the death of two of the contributors to this issue—Professor G. D. H. Cole and Mr. Reginald Reynolds. G. D. H. Cole—President of the Fabian Society, one-time Professor of Social and Political Theory at Oxford, novelist, economist, political philosopher and historian—was one of the truly great intellectuals of the British Left. The accomplishments of British Socialism in thought and action are partly what they are because of him; might indeed have been much greater than they are, had his influence been complete. His article on 'The Anatomy of Revolution' was written for us shortly before his death, was perhaps the last writing that he did, and we are proud and grateful to be able to publish it.

For Reg we had an especial regard and affection, as we have now an especial grief. A regular contributor to this magazine over the last year, he was also a friend, always ready with suggestions for articles and plans that would advance the cause of African democracy, sending us postcards with help and advice scribbled in every corner. He was an intensely passionate person, with deep convictions and the determination to act upon them. Action for him meant direct action of a particularly personal kind; it was typical of him that he should recently have volunteered to join the group planning to go to the Pacific in protest against British atomic tests there. An intense feeling for humanity, its struggles and sufferings, moulded his politics, just as a perfect genius for friendship, for direct and immediate contact with those he met, characterised his personal life. His judgments were severe, and he could allow himself the severity because he thought of himself as no different from the general human run, no "Quaker saint", as he has been described by some since his death. Human entirely, and a great deal more constructive than saintly forbearance, was the anger and bitterness of his attacks on the oppressors of this world—imperialists in India, racialists in Africa, the makers of wars everywhere.

'Angad'—the messenger—his friend, Mahatma Gandhi, called him. And surely it is as the messenger of a new Africa that we should remember him. The poem that follows was written for 'Africa South' some little while ago. In the next number, we will publish the poem he wrote for us while on board ship to Australia, where he died. It is the final message of 'Angad', and the final tribute to the messenger.

LEBENSRAUM IN LIMBO

"The Steering Committee agreed to put these items on the Assembly's agenda: Cyprus; the Algerian question; racial issues in South Africa; and control of outer space." (*London* News-Chronicle *report by its U.N. correspondent.*)

Control of Outer Space! It's no mere question
Of Martian aborigines or Kaffirs
On Venus, nor some limited suggestion
Such as Jules Verne or Wells or other gaffers
Made for short trips within the Solar System,
But worlds so numerous no man can list 'em.

What's going on? Is the United Nations
Cognizant of some inter-stellar friction?
Or stands terrestial peace upon foundations
So firm that they must turn to science fiction,
Seeking new worlds to pacify? The riddle
Suggests some new, unprecedented fiddle.

Perchance Trusteeship, through the Fourth Committee,
Hot from its triumphs, multiple and various
(E.g., in South West Africa), has pity
On poor, oppressed and over-worked Aquarius—
Or is it just that they are getting wearier
Of Cyprus, the Hereros and Algeria?

Or did some late-deceased, sound Kaffir-baiter
(His naked soul immaculately racial)
Having denounced his Maker as a traitor,
Voortrekking from His wrath, become a special
Baas in some corner of the Empyrean,
Henceforth to be forever European?

And have the U.N. delegates (offended
By this dead donkey's distant racial braying)
The confidence contemptibly pretended
When 'Sacred Trusts' became a Cynic Saying?
Will they control the stars, when one small planet
Barely survives to say how well they ran it?

REGINALD REYNOLDS

THE ANATOMY OF REVOLUTION

G. D. H. COLE

For more than forty years now, it has been an article of faith, ardently preached by Communists throughout the world, that Social Revolution is an inexorable necessity in all countries in which it has not already occurred. At the outset, the Russian Bolsheviks were indeed convinced that the revolution could not survive in Russia unless it was speedily followed by revolutions in other advanced capitalist countries; and even when, after the disappointment of their hopes of world revolution and their successful survival in its absence, they had given up this particular belief, they did not cease to do what they could to foment revolutionary movements in the capitalist and colonial countries. Up to 1945 they were almost uniformly unsuccessful in this: up to 1939 the successful revolutions were those which led to Fascist or similar forms of dictatorship and not to the victory of Socialism, and during the war itself social revolution went in most areas into cold storage. But the defeat of the Axis powers brought with it the triumph of revolutionary movements of the left in eastern Europe; and since 1945 Communist revolution has won its great victory in China, and there have been several successful revolutions in other parts of the world.

What, we may ask, are the conditions that chiefly make for or against actual or attempted revolutions in the world today? Revolutions do not happen, or fail to happen, without cause, and cause which can be stated with a good deal of precision. Thus, if it is asked why there has been neither actual nor attempted revolution in Western Europe since quite soon after the first world war, when what did occur ended in sheer failure, it is possible to make a fairly precise answer. There were no attempted revolutions in Great Britain or Scandinavia, or France or Italy, or other advanced countries of Western Europe because too few people wanted them, or were even prepared to tolerate them, to make the attempt worthwhile. In Great Britain and Scandinavia conditions were not bad enough to tempt enough people to try to make them better—and risk making them much worse—by revolutionary attempts; and on the whole things were getting better, save for a short time during the depression of the early 'thirties. The people were used to a considerable element of democratic parliamentary government, and pre-

ferred putting their hopes in reform by constitutional means to embarking on military coups. Even in France and at a later stage Italy, though there were strong minorities committed as Communists to revolutionary aspirations, these minorities were not strong enough to run the risk of attempting actual revolution: they knew they would be defeated if they resorted to arms and were afraid the practical result would be the destruction of such democratic liberties as they did possess and the transfer of power into the reactionary hands of the army leaders.

In the United States, though the tribulations of the 1930's were far worse than in Western Europe, there was no hint of the possibility of revolutionary action: for one thing because, amid the apparent collapse of American capitalism, there was no other active claimant to take its place. In Europe, on the other hand, there were everywhere forceful Socialist movements of long standing, professedly ready with an alternative greatly superior to capitalism; but, in practice, the Socialist Parties showed no eagerness at all to use the difficulties of capitalism as opportunities for making a forthright revolutionary attempt. The only successful left-wing revolution in Europe during the 1930's was that which set up the Spanish Republic, and within a few years the Republic was snuffed out with the armed aid of the Fascist powers, while the more democratic States showed no readiness to go to its help. Moreover, whereas left-wing revolution was victorious for a time in Spain, in other parts of Europe the tendency was all the other way—with the establishment of royal and military dictatorships in the Balkans, the triumph of Fascism in Germany and Italy and of a kind of semi-Fascism in Poland, the annexation and conquest of Austria by the Nazis, and the dismemberment and overthrow of Czechoslovakia by the same anti-democratic force.

This was not mainly because the development of modern techniques has made revolution a more difficult matter for the left, even if it has. For, if it has become easier for the military to suppress revolts, that, after all, depends on the willingness of the military to do so; and in most countries such willingness can no longer be taken for granted. Even if armed revolution stands no chance at all against the solid opposition of the armed forces, when did it ever stand any in such circumstances? It has not grown easier for an élite of officers to act regardless of the soldiers' attitude, nor can officers nowadays trust blindly that their orders will be obeyed. The real reason against revolutions

Western Europe is that most people have not wanted them, d any attempt at them would have been met by a widespread adiness to play a part in putting them down.

However, whereas this can be confidently asserted in the case the advanced Western countries, their case is obviously ceptional, because they enjoy some measure of democratic overnment, and above all of self-government, and because eir peoples are for the most part relatively well off. As ainst this, Communist revolution succeeded ten years ago in hina, when the Communists had succeeded in putting themlves at the head of a really nation-wide movement against the panese and against Chiang Kai-shek; and only a few months ago popular revolution in Iraq, led by elements from the armed rces, made an end of the monarchy and slew the monarch and e most powerful statesmen of the Establishment. Why did ese revolutions occur—and succeed—despite the opposition them, not only of the friends of the Establishment in the untries concerned, but also of the United States, the most werful capitalist country? They succeeded, in both cases, cause they were well led and organized, but still more because ie forces arrayed against them had lost too much support to be le to offer effective resistance. In China, the Kuomintang had ased to be a widely supported national party, and had denerated into an unsavoury clique; and in Iraq, Nuri and the pporters of the *status quo* had made no attempt to enforce that nd-reform without which the main body of the people could ot hope to reap any benefit from the pouring out of oil resources n projects of economic development; so that, as in Egypt a w years earlier, the middle ranks of the army officers had rgely gone over to the side of the revolution.

Neither in China nor in Egypt or Iraq was the revolution ainly the work of the industrial proletariat. It could not ave been; for the proletariat in all three countries was much oo undeveloped to take the lead. In China, Mao's great hievement was that he realized the need to base the revolution n the peasants, and succeeded by many years of effort in building p a really solid peasant movement of revolt. In Iraq and Egypt, ich a movement hardly existed; and the army played the leading le because there was no one else to play it—though both easants and industrial workers were ready enough to accept it hen it had come about. It was because they realized this hat the American and British Governments finally stood back

from intervening against the revolution in Iraq. They could probably have put it down easily enough, by sheer military force; but how would they have governed the country afterwards? The British and Americans, like the French, have not shrunk from opposing revolutionary movements wherever they have seen their way, not only to suppressing them by force but also to finding enough leaders to govern a country subsequently so as to secure their interests. But it is of no use to attempt what they cannot hope to be able to pursue. A backward country can still make a successful revolution provided it is united enough not to be governed by quislings from among its own people. But it needs to have, among its revolutionaries, the men who have the capacity to organize the revolution with success, and to take the administration of the country into their own hands when it has been made.

So far, I have been discussing conditions which apply to national revolutions directed against oppressive oligarchies of the same racial stock as those who revolt against them. Conditions may be substantially different when a people is held down by a dynasty of alien race, which keeps it excluded from all effective share in governmental power. For in such cases one may take it almost for granted that the armed forces of the State will be made up of elements on whose loyalty the oligarchs can rely, and that great care will be taken to prevent the main body of the people from possessing arms or having any experience in their use. When these things are done, violent revolution is hardly possible as long as the ruling oligarchy remains united among itself and is sufficiently resolute to keep the key positions of influence in its own hands—provided it is also ruthless enough to make effective use of its power. And of that there can be, in the light of the record, little doubt, as long as the oligarchy remains free to do as it pleases, without interference from outside. Even in such circumstances, there can be dangerous and obstructive revolutionary movements, as Mau Mau has shown in Kenya; but they are unlikely to succeed, even in bringing enough outside pressure to bear, for the very methods to which they find themselves forced to resort are liable to be such as alienate a good deal of potential outside support. I found myself hesitatingly on the side of Mau Mau against the Kenya settlers, but I could not help detesting much in the brutality and cruelty involved in it, and many potential backers of the black man's cause in Great Britain were undoubtedly driven by this into

outright opposition.

It does not, then, follow that oppression is in itself enough to generate revolution, either successful or even attempted; for revolution requires hope and a positive objective, and therefore usually calls for conscious revolutionary leadership. The Russian and Chinese Revolutions were both examples in which this leadership existed and was deliberately made ready for its task. Not that the leadership would have sufficed in the absence of a readiness to follow it among the people, any more than the people's readiness would have sufficed without the leadership. But the way for the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 was made ready by the collapse of government which had preceded it, and the Bolsheviks held their hands until the collapse had gone so far that there was no strong power left to resist them. Even in the case of China, Mao's victory over Chiang Kai-shek was delayed until the Kuomintang had lost most of its basis of support and could no longer administer or defend the country. Revolutions, in fact, usually occur when disintegration has already overtaken the forces to which they are opposed—or at least are seldom successful except in face of such disintegration.

Disintegration, however, may arise from more than one cause. It may be the result of a breach in the ranks of a governing élite, or it may occur, even without such a breach, if the élite is pursuing what is, in the objective conditions, an unworkable policy—as I think thoroughgoing *apartheid* is bound to be in South Africa. But revolution will follow even the pursuit of a sheerly impracticable policy only if such a policy is persisted in when it is sheerly failing to work, and the élite clings to it despite its evident failure. The best hope in South Africa is not violent revolution, in which the scales would of necessity be weighted very heavily against the Africans, but is a modification of white attitudes following on a realization of the sheer absurdity of what is being attempted at present. In the absence of such a modification black Africa will doubtless in the long run be driven into violent revolt, despite the serious difficulties in its way; but it is not likely to succeed until or unless it can get help from those parts of Africa which have been able to achieve their emancipation without violence.

MASS TRIALS

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

South African correspondent of "Reynolds News" and a regular contributor to the "New Statesman".

THERE is one important development in the Union which its national press has failed even to report: South Africa has, under Nationalist rule, become a country in which "mass" trials are almost a commonplace. Occasional paragraphs, varying from the cryptic to the non-committal, do, of course, tell newspaper readers of large trials proceeding in various parts of the country, but if the press has realised the connection between, for instance, last November's trials of some 1,000 African women for protesting against their being issued with passes in Johannesburg and the Lydenburg trial, proceeding at the same time, of 190 Bapedi tribesmen who had opposed the setting up of so-called Bantu "Authorities" in rural Sekhukhuneland, it has studiously refrained from enlightening its readers.

Nor has the average reader of the press been led to see any connection between last October's trial of 22 Johannesburg men and women for allegedly inciting the city's Africans to stay at home during the white elections in April, and the trial, concluded in Rustenburg only a month earlier, of 44 Bafurutse tribesmen who opposed the carrying of passes by their women in their home district of Zeerust. These are only some recent examples, for the chain of Nationalist mass trials can be traced back through those resulting from many strikes, including that in 1956 of 365 workers in Benoni's Amato Textile Mills, to the year-long ordeal in 1950-51 of 79 tribesmen from Witzieshoek rural reserve, which accelerated the introduction of Verwoerd's puppet "Bantu Authorities".

It may, of course, be naive to expect that South Africa's daily press should comment on the pattern inherent in these cases, but it *is* surprising that more liberal commentators have not stressed their connection with the treason trial. For, seen as a "mass" trial, the treason proceedings are only the most obvious link in a long and powerful chain. As such, the publicity which they have received helps to illuminate the nature of collective trials since 1950.

Many of the difficulties which both the prosecution and the defence have encountered in the treason trial are connected with

its mass character, for it is no easy matter to indict or to defend 156, 91 or even a mere 30 people under a system of criminal law originally designed to protect the interests of each individual accused.

There are, in particular, two aspects of the treason proceedings which are common to all the recent mass trials. On the one hand, the Crown's discovery, after 11 months of preparatory examination, that there was no case for 65 of the suspects to answer showed conclusively how haphazard the 156 original arrests were. On the other hand, the defence has repeatedly been able to assert that the introduction of vast quantities of the most assorted documents as evidence, and the repeated Crown failures to frame a valid indictment, have demonstrated the incompetence of the criminal and political police's preliminary investigations.

It is the combination of these circumstances with a large number of accused which is, in all adequately defended cases, a guarantee of extremely lengthy proceedings. It has also led to a high proportion of eventual acquittals.

The first of the mass trials under Nationalist rule, that of 104 tribesmen from the Orange Free State "reserve" of Witzieshoek in 1951, is of particular interest because of the circumstances from which it arose. The pattern established in Witzieshoek, which can be only briefly indicated here, is one which has, in essence, been repeated not only in Zeerust and Sekhukhuneland. It is also the pattern which is even now threatening to turn the Transvaal's citrus areas of Zebedelia into a *second* Zeerust and the Cape Province's Tembuland into a *second* Sekhukhuneland. In essence, this pattern is one of resistance to or protest against Government policy, leading to wide-spread arrests, extended "mass" preparatory examinations and/or trials, culminating in the acquittal of a large number of the accused and heavy sentences for those convicted. Where the resistance concerns tribal affairs, the arrests arise out of clashes between tribesmen and "loyal" headmen, with the police frequently intervening on the side of the latter.

In Witzieshoek, the cause of the trouble was the attempt of the Native Affairs Department, from 1942 to 1950, to force the Mopeli tribesmen to cull, or reduce, the number of their cattle in order to conserve the limited lands which had been reserved for them. It is, however, well known what cattle mean to the tribal African: in effect, cattle are his bank, his

security and his status. As one witness in the resultant trial put it, "Cattle is our God". The tribe's representations, protests and demands for a commission of enquiry over the years were ignored, a split occurred in the tribe between a small minority consisting of the pro-culling paramount chief and his supporters on the one hand and the anti-culling majority of the tribe on the other. Enforced culls led to retaliatory vandalism and arson; heavily armed police took over the reserve; and unauthorised meetings were prohibited. When the district commandant of police and a posse of his men, equipped with sten guns, tried to disperse some thousand tribesmen holding a *pitso* or gathering on November 27, 1950, a bloody clash ensued. This was followed by widespread arrests, and a four-month long preparatory examination of some 130 tribesmen, of whom 104 were committed for trial for public violence.

The trial, in which ex-Senator H. M. Basner appeared for the defence, ended a year, almost to the day, after the clash. 25 of the original accused had by then been discharged, and 6 of the remaining 79 were sentenced to a year's imprisonment for holding an unauthorised meeting only. The rest were found guilty of public violence and sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from 18 months to 5 years, leave to appeal being refused.

There can be little doubt that the Witzieshoek resistance led the Nationalist Government to tighten its control over tribal life, through the setting up of so-called "Bantu Authorities". But mass trials have also resulted in rural areas because of resentment at nationally imposed measures.

The resistance of Bafurutse tribesmen in the Transvaal's Zeerust area to the carrying of passes by their women led to the first trial of this kind. Following the events described in a previous issue of "*Africa South*"[1] some 140 tribesmen were arrested in December, 1957 after an outbreak of violence, and subsequently tried in batches of varying size on charges of murder or public violence. The trial of the last batch of 44 ended only in October, 1958 and, of the 140 tried, 35 were eventually acquitted. 20 others were sentenced for petty offences only.

Zeerust flared up as a result of the issuing of passes to all African women, whether in town or country, but the direct cause of the violence and arson which swept the reserve of Sekhukhuneland in May of last year was the imposition of Bantu "Authorities" on rural tribesmen. The background to

[1]Vol. II No. 3. '*Zeerust: A Profile of Resistance*'

Sekhukhuneland unrest has also been given in a previous ue of this journal[2]. Mass arrests from May onwards were lowed by the appearance at a preparatory examination on rges of murder of 257 tribesmen, of whom 53 were discharged October, five months after the original arrests. 25 of the maining 204 were then committed for trial for public violence the other 179 for murder. Bail for the aged men and women several are over 70 years old—waiting to face charges of blic violence has been fixed at £20, and that for the remainder their group at between £50 and £100. At the time of writing ne of them has been able to raise these amounts, and they are refore still lodged in gaol. The date of the trials has not yet en announced, but it is unlikely to be earlier than March 59, ten months after the original arrests.

Turning from rural to urban, industrial areas, the recent uggles of South Africa's textile workers, most of whom are n-whites, stand out. The mass trial of the Amato factory's noni workers has already been mentioned. Perhaps of wider nificance, however, was the recent mass trial which followed e unsuccessful non-white "stay-at-home" during last April's -white elections. 22 men and women, including only one hite, were arrested in Johannesburg in April, examined and en tried collectively for inciting Africans to strike—a serious ime in South Africa. The case ended in September 1958, and ere were no acquittals. A distinction was, however, made etween the sentences imposed on the great majority of the cused, who had only distributed leaflets, and those few who ad actually addressed meetings urging Africans to stay at home. Mr. Stephen Seghale, a militant Sophiatown leader, and a second ongressman from Newclare were sentenced to a year's imrisonment each without being given, as the other accused were, ne option of a fine. Both cases have been taken to appeal.

What is, however, interesting is the acknowledgment by the ourt, through the differentiation of sentences, that most of the ccused played very minor parts in the abortive demonstration. y no wild stretch of even the political police's imagination, ould, for instance, an old woman—who was shown to have lone no more than carry a packet of leaflets—be described as a ingleader in a conspiracy to bring the country's commerce and ndustry to a standstill. Yet most of the 22 people charged in ohannesburg were of this type. That they should have been

arrested and charged is particularly interesting when one re-members that, with the "stay-at-home", the police did not even have to rely on informers. At the Newclare £1-a-day conference which issued that call, Colonel A. T. Spengler and his political police were made welcome. Whilst delegates who had travelled hundreds of miles in dilapidated charter buses from all parts of the country squatted on the bare ground, the Colonel and his men, complete with tape recording equipment and cameras, were provided with a wooden table and chairs. Placed strategically in front of the five-ton lorry which served as a platform they were often referred to by the speakers, one of whom invited them to join in the vote on how long the "stay-at-home" should last. Almost every member of the crowd, including this correspondent, must have been photographed several times by these "official observers". Why, then, were the majority of those afterwards brought to trial such humble and obscure persons?

Where, as in some mass trials, long and necessarily arduous criminal investigations would be required to identify ring leaders, one could assume that mass trials result from that incompetence which the police have displayed so amply during the treason proceedings. It is, after all, so much easier to arrest every possible—and perhaps some impossible—suspects and then to let the Courts sort out participation and apportion guilt. And if, as in the treason trial, the lives and livelihoods of 65 people have been disrupted for a full year of preparatory examination before the discovery is made that there is, after all, no charge for them to answer, that is just too bad. After all, the State does not have to pay any compensation.

The length of mass trials might, of course, also be ascribed to that decline in the professional competence of junior Crown officials which is occasioning so much private concern in the legal profession.

Now if these alone were the reasons for the increasing incidence of mass trials under Nationalist rule, there would be cause enough for both indignation and concern.

Most of South Africa's criminal law is, after all, still based on the assumption that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty, and that it is therefore the Crown's job to prove the latter. Implicit in this reasoning is the assumption that a man will not be brought before the Courts unless the Crown has prepared so good a case against him that it feels reasonably sure that it can

btain a conviction. To do this, the South African police have ong relied on informers. (It would be interesting to see what ould happen if some perceptive trade unionist organised these valuable people and brought them out on strike for higher pay). f this "detection" is now to be transferred to the Courts, there s no way, short of pleading guilty, of avoiding extremely long rials.

The State has no obligation to provide free defence except if he accused, after a preparatory examination, are committed for rial on the capital charges of murder or treason, and even where his is the case, this free defence must of necessity be strictly minimal. The advocate's fee of three guineas per day which is llowed for the purpose would, for instance, provide few ac- used with an effective defence.

By contrast, the difficulties of providing an adequate private lefence in a mass trial are frightening. The attorneys or bar- isters briefed may, if they are to do justice to their clients, well have to neglect their normal practices completely for weeks, and often months, on end. The accused, whether they are townsmen or illiterate tribesmen, are too poor to pay even minimal fees, and in the latter cases, the Courts often sit in remote rural areas.

Thus the increasing number of mass trials, with the large number of eventual acquittals, would provide grounds for both indignation and concern if they were due merely to police or Crown incompetence. But a closer examination of recent mass trials reveals another factor which seems to indicate an even wider significance: the consistent inclusion of rank-and-file, humble people amongst those arrested and tried. Their presence may, I would suggest, be explained by the understanding which Nationalist cabinet ministers have gained of the intimidating effect on ordinary people of mass trials. For, if merely listening to a denunciation of the Government can lead one man to an ordeal which may last two or more years, his neighbour may become chary of listening to any further denunciations, let alone of making them himself. For if he too were to be tried, what if he *were* acquitted in the end? Would that repair his life or undo his children's past hunger? Would that compensate him for his loss of earnings, his unploughed fields, for his wife's harassment? Has eventual acquittal, which must have grown ever more unreal and mirage-like as the long days in the dock merged into months and then into years, led to rejoicing

amongst the Bafurutse of Zeerust? I have heard of none. What those acquitted, and their tribe have, however, gained from their ordeal, is the knowledge that opposition to Verwoerd's decree is paid for in suffering.

This, then, is the power of mass trials over ordinary men and women, and it is their apparently systematic inclusion which has differentiated mass trials under Nationalist rule from those under their predecessors. This distinction is a vital one, and it would be futile for Nationalist politicians to deny responsibility for it by attempting to hide behind the skirts of the Union's Attorney-Generals. For, ever since 1926, these civil servants have been controlled by Ministers of Justice; an arrangement which the Nationalists endorsed in 1955 and again in 1957. In the Criminal Procedure Act of the latter year, no words were minced: "Every Attorney-General shall exercise his authority and perform his functions . . . subject to the control and directions of the Minister, who may reverse any decision . . . and may himself . . . exercise any part of such authority and perform any such function".

This has been the case since 1926, but in pre-Nationalist mass trials leaders alone seem to have been involved. Even in mass industrial cases, such as the 1936 trial of Rose de Freitas and 21 garment workers for inciting *other* employees of the Cape Town clothing firm of Back & Co. to strike, this appears to have been the pattern. When a mass trial followed the strike called by the African Mineworkers' Union on the Witwatersrand in 1946, the accused were, by common consent, the leaders of the Union and a number of leading members of the Communist Party. Similarly, the follow-up sedition trial of the whole national executive of the Communist Party was, by definition, a trial of alleged ringleaders.

It was left to the Nationalists to make the systematic inclusion of rank-and-filers and even mere bystanders a feature of mass trials. Once others understand this development as well as the Nationalist leaders presumably do, they will understand why so many Congress rank-and-filers were caught in the treason arrest dragnet. They will also understand who so many obscure tribesmen were brought to trial in Witzieshoek and Zeerust, and why over 1,000 women were tried in Johannesburg last November. Inefficiency and the inherent difficulties of dealing with a popular resistance are part of the story, but they are far from all of it.

It is clear that the increasing frequency of mass trials presents e Congress leadership with a problem which could affect the hole future of their movement. For, whether because of, or spite, the system of repressive laws which the Nationalists ve at their command, the Congress leadership seems today to be mmitted to the reality of a lawful struggle in South Africa. nce the Defiance Campaign of 1952 they have not judged it ise to lead their followers to jail.

But the Nationalists are committed only to the semblance, and ot to the reality, of legality. Having successfully manipulated e South African variety of parliamentary democracy, they have ren satisfied, and even anxious, to maintain its façade. The ourts have not been openly tampered with, for an obedient rliament is always at hand to narrow yet further the limits of eir jurisdiction. It has, until now, still seemed reasonable for rdinary people to challenge restrictions or impositions in the ourts of the land. The Congress leaders have not been alone in aving frequent recourse to law.

Yet even as this is being written comes a piece of news whch nows just how far the Nationalists are prepared to go in enrcing their rule and the depths of cynicism of which they are apable in undermining South Africa's legal tradition.

The official journal of the Incorporated Law Society of the ransvaal reports that the Minister of Justice intends to introduce egislation which will enable him to indict people without disclosing what their offence has been. This would mean that one could be indicted for, say, treason, without being given any ndication of where, when or how treason was committed. vidence would be led in court to provide these mere details.

Mr. Swart is reported to have said that this is intended to eliminate acquittals on purely technical grounds, but the Transvaal Law Society seems to take a wider view in saying: "This is repugnant to the general principles of the Rule of Law . . . A person may have to defend himself blindfolded".

It seems that the Nationalists have found a way of using mass trials to intimidate the ordinary man and woman without whose support the Congress movement's opposition to white supremacy must flounder. To fight this new technique in the Courts requires financial resources which ordinary people do not command, and which the treason and other mass trials have shown the Congress movement as such to lack. What price then the "due process of the law"?

WOMEN AND PASSES (II)

HELEN JOSEPH

Secretary of the South African Federation of Women.
One of the 30 persons now undergoing trial for High Treason.

"STRYDOM, uthitta abafazi, uthinti imbokhoto,"—"Strydom, you have tampered with women, you have struck a rock!" It is an echo from 1956 when 20,000 women gathered in the amphitheatre of the Union Buildings to tell the Prime Minister of South Africa what the women thought about passes. "Even if the passes are printed in real gold, we do not want them!" That was a great year of protest throughout South Africa, and 1957 saw the beginning of the resistance of the African women as the pass units of the Government crept from place to place.

Can it be necessary to say once again what the pass means to an African man, what it will mean to an African woman, a mother? Yet perhaps it must be said. The pass means prison; it means that life must be lived in constant fear of arrest, of the loss of husbands, fathers, sons—and soon, of mothers and young daughters. It means the "ghost squad", the hand-cuffed men standing on street corners, the slave gang caught for farm labour, the more than a quarter of a million men every year—to be joined by their women now—arrested for lack of a piece of paper and flung into jail, poured through the magistrate's courts . . . "Guilty. £5 or ten days! . . . Guilty! . . . Guilty! . . . . Guilty! . . ." and down to the underground police cells, there to be channelled into prison vans for the gaols and the farms.

It was to the countryside and the farms that Verwoerd's pass-issuing units came first, crawling from dorp to dorp with deceit and tricks, to persuade the women to take the passes. But in 1957 sporadic and courageous resistance sprang up. The courage and the sacrifice of the women of Uitenhage, of Lichtenburg, Winburg, Pietersburg and Standerton is written into the history of South Africa. Then came the epic resistance of the women of Linokana, deep in the heart of the country, followed by the full force of Government power, the reign of police terror established in Zeerust, still existing to-day, and by the iron curtain of secrecy and silence drawn over the whole area by Verwoerd and his police. And the passes crept ever nearer to the cities, to the stronghold of resistance.

1958, a crucial year. Verwoerd tried a new target; the ofessional African women, the nurses. New tricks and atagems were employed, this time the Nursing Amendment t, and the S.A. Nursing Council became an agent of Govern-ent policy by demanding identity numbers from nurses for ining and for registration. And there is only one way in hich an African can obtain an identity number, and that is taking out a reference book, a pass! This was a crafty move, r the nursing profession does not fall into the lap of African omen; to become a qualified nurse demands years of sacrifice d struggle on the part of the parents and the children, of rothers and sisters, demands years of persistent study; would e African woman risk all this, her security, her hard-won atus, rather than take the pass? "Our mothers were washer-omen," they declared, "they educated us. We shall go ck to the wash tubs but we shall not carry passes!" Other omen rallied behind them, sent deputations to the hospitals; aragwanath Hospital in the Transvaal was the scene of a most mazing spectacle when the might of the police was massed to rotect the hospital—from the women. Road blocks, sten uns, tear gas hidden in the hospital grounds, hundreds of armed olice—for a few hundred women, exercising their democratic ight to protest for their daughters. Hastily the Nursing Council nnounced that it no longer required identity numbers for frican nurses.

Where then should Verwoerd turn to find his way into the owns? The passes were already at the fringe of the Reef itself nd the growing industrial towns with their widespread resi-ential areas where the white South African city dwellers live, ot in true apartheid, but with their African domestic servants—housands of them in every town, living in the servants' quarters n the back-yards, African women from the country, the farms, he small reserves, women far from their homes, forbidden by respass regulation to have their husbands or even their tiny hildren with them, to lead a family life, isolated and unaware, lependent upon the "Madam" for the roof over their heads nd the few pounds a month of which so great a part must be ent home for parents or children.

And it was in these unprotected, unorganised women that Verwoerd found the answer. As the pass units moved along the East Rand, the pattern became clear—it was mainly the domestic servants who were taking the reference books. In

the African townships opposition was high and women went once more in large crowds to the Native Commissioners protesting vainly for their very arguments were being undermined by the women who were taking passes, sent or being brought to the pass unit by their employers, women fearful of dismissal, destitution and homelessness if they disobeyed the "Madam."

Meanwhile in Durban, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Bloemfontein, the same thing was happening—pass units were boldly operating, and women in thousands were taking out passes. From every town came the same despairing cry, "The domestic servants have taken the passes!" Government propaganda was everywhere and residential permits, employment permits, Old Age Pensions, railway tickets, the whole administrative machinery which controls the daily life of the urban African was being made dependent on the production of reference books by African women. All but the hard core of resistance, the women in the townships of Johannesburg, were accepting the passes—not willingly, not with enthusiasm as the Government so cruelly and falsely claimed, but in desperation because life itself was being tied to the pass. Women who had taken the passes either hid them and denied the taking, or displayed them with defiance. It seemed as though the momentum of the passes could not be halted; disturbing figures appeared in the press, until the million mark was reached before the end of 1958.

On October 15th, 1958, the pass unit began to operate at the pass office in Johannesburg; the officials had learnt the lesson of the domestic servants, for the approach was made directly to the housewives, not even to the domestic servants themselves. Mayfair, the Nationalist stronghold, was the first suburb to receive the letters from the Native Commissioners, delivered by policemen into the letter-boxes—the shrewdly worded, deliberately deceptive letter, which to all but the suspicious or the well informed was none other than a clear official instruction, calling for compliance and not to be ignored.

"The registration of Native Females in terms of Act No. 67 of 1952 in the District of Johannesburg will commence during 1958.

Will you kindly send your Native female servant(s) to the office of the Native Commissioner at the corner of Market and Bezuidenhout Streets, Johannesburg, in order that she may be registered for the Native Population Register and issued with

reference book?

Your servant should bring with her the reference book of her husband and if she is not married, that of her parent or guardian in order that Part "D" of the reference book can be completed. If the reference book of her husband is not available or cannot be obtained, this does not mean that your female servant should not be registered. Part "D" of the reference book can then be completed at a later date.

Your co-operation in this matter will be appreciated.

Your servant should report as early as possible on the morning of....."

It is small wonder that the Johannesburg housewives obeyed the "instruction." Protests from the servants were overruled. "You take a pass or else. . . It is the law. . . ." And the strangest part of all this was that it was NOT the law that every African woman had to take out a pass at that time, for no compulsory date had been set beyond which it would be an offence for an African woman not to be in possession of a pass.

But the housewives were not aware of this and they rushed their servants off to get their passes. And then, on Tuesday, October 21st, hundreds of women set out from Sophiatown, four miles from the centre of Johannesburg, to demonstrate at the pass office itself, to show the domestic servants that Johannesburg women were united against passes. But on the way, as they marched through the streets of Brixton, the police confronted them and called upon them to disperse; within a few minutes 249 women were arrested, thrust into police vans and carried off to Newlands police station. As they climbed into the lorries the women sang the "Freedom" songs, their spirits high. At the police station all the women were held in custody, except eighty who had little children on their backs. The news of the arrests spread throughout the city and 300 African women marched in protest to the police station, demanding to be arrested. But the South African police, true to form, beat them off with batons.

Yet another 335 had reached the pass office in the city and were arrested for creating an obstruction and disturbing the peace. Many had their children on their backs and these were crammed into the cells with their mothers. In one day 584 women had been arrested; over 500 were in the cells, waiting to be charged. Conditions were chaotic on that first night;

there were not enough blankets and the women slept on the stone floors; there was not enough food and the women ate only because their supporters brought food and insisted that it be given to them. Police officials tried wearily and ineffectively to compile lists of the accused until late into the night; and this was only the first day.

The following morning at the magistrate's courts strange scenes were enacted. No court could be found large enough to accommodate 335 women, and a special court was held in the cells below; the women sat on the floor, nursing their babies or rocking them gently on their backs. Bail was fixed at £1, and the women remanded until October 30th. At Newlands Court, 249 women were also released on bail. But while these remands were taking place, another 250 women had marched to the pass office, massing outside in militant protest and refusing to leave. Police troop-carriers, the "kwela-kwelas," politely provided with step-ladders to help the women up, awaited them, and singing gaily the women climbed in, superb in their defiance.

By this time it had been agreed that there should be no further bail; the first 500 had been taken unawares, had not been prepared for a stay in gaol, but those who followed came ready for arrest. A further hundred women brought the total arrests to 934 by the end of the week, with 350 women held at the Fort. Many of these women who had been released were pressing to surrender their bail and join the women at the Fort. Twice a day a large black car made its way from the offices of Congress to the Fort, high up on the hill overlooking Johannesburg, carrying great baskets of bread and jam, bags of oranges and cans of milk for the babies. Harassed Fort officials met the food parties almost with a welcome, for the gaol resources were inadequate to provide even prison food for the women.

This was only the first week of the protest, but already the police and the Government officials were screaming "Communist agitation," refusing as always to admit that every African, man or woman, loathes the pass and all it stands for, denying the evidence of almost 1,000 women arrested within four days, unprepared but ready to endure the price of their protest.

The second week opened with dramatic developments. On Monday, 27th October, the third anniversary of the day when the women first protested against passes at the Union Buildings in Pretoria, several bus-loads of women arrived from

xandra Township, determined to carry on the protest started
week before. At the city bus terminus a force of nearly
hundred armed policemen awaited them, and, as the women
off together for the pass office, they were arrested for being
an illegal procession and failing to disperse. The "kwela-
elas" drove up, while the women waited and danced on the
ement, singing defiantly. As each police lorry drove off
h its load, the women cheered, while other women arrived
later buses and were also arrested. One hundred and fifty
men defied armed policemen at the central pass office for
ee hours, until in despair and exasperation the order was
en for their arrest. That day saw more than 900 arrests,
ost the total of the week before. Women with babies
their backs and with small children refused to be released
their own recognisances and went cheerfully to the cells
h the other women.

The conditions in the cells were indescribable. At Marshall
uare, the women were herded thirty and forty in each cell
th their children, every inch of floor space crowded with

huddled bodies; some sat all night with their backs against t wall, others lay restlessly on the stone floor, using the back another woman for a pillow to ease the weary head. Pris food was stiff mealie pap served on an upturned dustbin l pushed into the centre of the cell. The babies cried fretfull throughout the long night from hunger and discomfort. Foo was brought in from outside, little packets of bread and ja and cans of milk, but it was pitifully inadequate, for there we now nearly two thousand women to be fed.

On the next day the court sat until after ten o'clock at nig dealing with the remands. Bail of £2 was offered but th majority of the women refused, despite anxious husbands an fathers waiting outside, willing to pay. And the walls of th magistrate's court echoed with the cries of the babies as th day dragged on.

On Thursday, October 30th, some 800 women appeared fo the first day of their trial and once again the court was hel below in the cells, while anxious relatives and friends waite outside, crowding the pavements around the magistrate's cour The police had assured the public that "they would not allo themselves to be frightened off the task of preventing lawlessnes and disorder." It was on this day that they displayed thei vaunted courage. Shortly after noon, the first batch of 33 women were freed when the charges of disturbing the publi peace were withdrawn. The crowd outside surged forwar to welcome the women, the police bawled a dispersal orde which no one heard, and then some charged the crowd lashin out with batons and canes while others flung tear gas bomb among the scattering people. And the '*Rand Daily Mail*' pub lished the photograph of a young police constable lashing fleeing African woman with his cane, with a laughing jubilan spectator in the background.

The mass trials had begun and had taken on a sinister aspect for the women were charged not merely with the breaking o by-laws, but with committing an offence by way of protest an thus falling under the Criminal Laws Amendment Act No. 8 of 1953—the Act which makes a serious crime of any violatio of any law by way of protest, and which carries a maximum penalty of £300 or three years imprisonment with or without a lashing. Cases were remanded from week to week and it became essential that the women be released on bail. Thousands of pounds had to be raised, but within a few days all of the women

d been released. More than twelve hundred women and e hundred and seventy babies had been held in the Fort, me for more than a week, in a gaol built to accommodate ot even half that number. It was small wonder that the rison authorities seemed eager to let the women go, even tting them out before the full bail amounts were paid in, n the assurance of the attorneys that bail securities would be rnished later.

The results of the trials speak for themselves. Of 1,893 omen arrested, 915 were either found not guilty and dis-harged or the case was withdrawn, but the 926 women who ere convicted were sentenced to fines totalling £7,819, with lternative imprisonment ranging from three weeks to three nonths. Four women were sentenced as leaders of the protests o fines of £50 or three months. (Fifty-two women were still n remand at the time of writing this article. All cases where he Criminal Laws Amendment Act was invoked have been aken to appeal.)

As the women were sentenced they were taken to the Fort—until their fines were paid or until bail had been arranged pending ppeal. No one who saw the women being driven off in the olice vans to begin serving their sentences can ever forget he sight of their gallant smiles and Congress salutes or the ound of their songs of struggle as the vans disappeared.

Meanwhile public opinion had been stirred by the courageous pposition of the African women and disgusted by the un-scrupulous devices employed to trick the women into accepting passes. Letters were published daily in the English press, many indicating sympathy with the women. The Black Sash declared their opposition to the reference books for women and applied for permission to hold a meeting on the City Hall steps. But once again the police dictated to the Johannesburg City Council, and the permission was refused. The Federation of South African Women called for a mass protest of women of all races to the Mayor of Johannesburg and this brought forth a tornado of police intimidation and threats of arrest. On November 27th, however, nearly four thousand women out-witted the police by coming to the City Hall, not in a mass or in a procession, but in groups of two or three, handing in their signed protests to the waiting leaders. Members of the Security Branch crowded the City Hall steps and uniformed police stood at every street corner while the women walked past them,

completely at ease.

Despite the dramatic protest campaign, however, passes were being issued at the rate of over a thousand every week. In European suburbs the domestic servants were still flocking to the pass offices, although the hard core of African women in the townships had remained untouched. The battle of the passes is on, and Johannesburg is—and is likely to remain—the storm centre. Government retaliation has begun: Johannesburg is to be brought to heel. 1959 has opened with the threat of the banning of all gatherings attended by Africans held outside the African townships. This threat is strung around an allegation of "mixed drinking parties", but the real objective is clearly to eliminate all association of the races except in the master-servant relationship and to prevent mixed political gatherings. The women shall not go again together to the Union Buildings, to the City Hall, to protest against passes. The City Council must agree with this new edict of the Minister . . . or else. New legislation shall be passed; another loophole shall be stopped.

The first passes were issued to African women in Winburg in March, 1955, nearly three years ago, and South Africa has seen protest after protest. But the issue of passes goes on, and at the end of 1958 the Government proclaimed that 1,300,000 reference books had been taken out by women. More than a million, but this is still little more than half of the total number of African women in the country. There is still a long way to go and much may yet happen. It is the last million that counts.

KINGS OF ALEXANDRA

ARNOLD BENJAMIN
Staff of 'The Star', Johannesburg

ry-six men sit in 'N' of the Johannesburg Magistrates' Courts ng charges of murder, attempted murder, assault, robbery, on and extortion. The vast court building was designed in days en mass trials were less commonplace than today, and the used jam the dock and the entire well of the court, sitting close ether on rows of wooden benches. There are no spectators—y 10 armed policemen who allow no-one to enter but officials l the press and a succession of witnesses who say: "Yes, se are the men who terrorised us. These are the Msomis".

"*. . . Two men came into my shop and demanded that I hand over a olver. If I did not they would burn the shop and kill me. I told m I did not have a revolver. They said I would then have to pay m £15 protection fee. I paid the money . . . I bought my own life h it . . . I was afraid to go to the police because I knew they would l the Msomi gang I had reported to them.*"

Witnesses' names are not published, by order of the court. l doors are locked but one, where the police scrutinize every-ie who comes in. These precautions became necessary early the trial. Witnesses complained they were threatened both and out of court. Two of the accused escaped one day and ere only recaptured after a week. The police guard was bubled after threats on the lives of the magistrate and prosecutor.

They are a tough-looking bunch of men, the accused. Most of nem are scarred and battered. There are broken noses, shed faces, complex patterns of dents and welts on shaven skulls. hey have formed themselves into a prison choir which is said to ng most beautifully. Three or four are Coloured, the rest frican. They are dressed in overalls or in flashy suits or in tters. Most of them are in their twenties and thirties. Five re juveniles under 19; the age of one accused is estimated at 15.

A young man with raw pink scars on his face and hands and throat ays: "*. . . He came back with a bottle of benzine. I was still lying n the ground. He poured benzine over my face and body. I sked him what he was doing and he said 'You are a dog.' Bokkie, nother one of the accused, then struck a match and threw it at me. rolled in agony on the ground but could not put the flames out . . .*"

"*. . . They took £14 out of my hip pocket and £4 out of the till.*

One said: 'We want more money. This is not money.' My wife a I were made to sit on the end of a bed. They took my son and put t barrel of a gun next to his temple and said: 'We will count to fou If you do not give us more he will be shot'."

Alleged leader of the Msomi gang is accused No. 1, Shadrac Richard Matthews. He is a sallow, clerkish-looking little ma of 35 with a short stubbly beard. Witness after witness h pointed him out as the "brains" of the gang. It was he, the say, who ran the "Msomi office" in Twelfth Avenue—under th thin façade of a rent collection agency; here people came to pa their protection fees, and gang members held their regul meetings—received instructions and weapons and brought bac the spoils.

Next to Matthews sits Ginger Mashiane, a large and plumpis young man with a smile of lazy good humour perpetually on hi face. He is said to be Matthews' personal henchman. But th real strong-arm man, say the witnesses, is No. 16, Alex Dub powerfully built and a natty dresser. Witnesses have paled an trembled as they approach to identify him to the court.

"*. . . The following morning the body of a dead man was found in th street . . . I realised the great danger I was in and went to see Shadrac Matthews at his office and asked him for peace. I was told I must wai until Alex Dube came. When Dube arrived, he and Matthews spoke I then asked Dube for peace, and he said there was no such thing a peace and that my house would burn . . . I paid them £50 and wa told that nothing would happen, that it was all over. I went bac home.*"

"*I paid Alex Dube £1 for a note that would keep tsotsis out of m shop. He gave it to me saying I should not be worried any more It read: 'From Alex Dube. See that you keep out that shop, you hea what I said. Get out and mind you boys. Signed, Alex, 99 11th Avenue.'* "

Also among the accused are two African police constables Zachariah Mati and Ephraim Dhlamini, alleged to have worked with the Msomis on several occasions. There was even a minister of religion among the original accused. But he was discharged early on because of insufficient evidence.

"*. . . They took Gabriel Nkosi to a vacant lot . . . his arms were tied behind his back. Each time he tried to get up he was beaten down again with sjamboks. The screaming went on for three-quarters of an hour . . . He tried to run away but they tied him up and stabbed him with knives and screwdrivers . . . I reported the matter to the Wynberg*

e twice, but they took no notice of me.''

# # #

lexandra, named after Edward VII's gracious queen, has ys been rather a special township. It is an isolated ''black '' hard by some of Johannesburg's very fanciest white rbs. And it is just outside the city's northern boundary. the old Sophiatown, it is a ''free'' township where Africans acquire property. But this ''freedom'' also means that her State nor municipality need feel responsible for it. il very recently Alexandra was nobody's baby. Housing is lid, sanitation of the sketchiest. Left, as it were, to stew in wn potent juices, it has acquired a certain colour and also a tain reputation as the worst slum in Southern Africa. Today as 95,000 people—or 115,000, or 145,000, nobody is quite e—living in roughly one square mile. So there are all the ndard conditions for crime to flourish in—and one additional . Because of its situation, most of Alexandra's young men l boys are barred by influx control from finding work in urban annesburg—even though they have grown up in the township, n though their fathers may be men of substance who have en them education and some taste for good living. Of annesburg, yet not legally in it, they remain in the township, come idlers, delinquents, eventually criminals. Small teen- gangs have always been legion—the Vultures and the Rock- akers, the Mau Mau and the Young Americans. They were epared to try their hands at most kinds of wrongdoing, and out material like this grew the Spoilers, and then the Msomis. The Spoilers were a gang that somehow became more powerful an the rest. They got their name, so it is said, because they ent round breaking up (''spoiling'') people's parties and making f with the money and liquor. Next they were demanding protection'' money from shopkeepers and taximen and even dinary wage-earners, the price of being left unmolested. The cketeering spread, and so did the violence. Early in 1956 businessman whose toes had been stepped on too hard organised vigilance group. Soon its members were armed with guns too, nd bloody skirmishes began to rage through the township. oon they had taken the name of Elifasi Msomi, the Natal axe- iller hanged for 15 murders, and suddenly it was out-and-out arfare for the control of organised thuggery in Alexandra.

It was not only the gangsters and their families who suffered in his battle for supremacy. Often both sides would shoot and

kill wantonly just for "prestige". The Spoilers were dispersed then made a comeback. They burned down a cinema when their rivals met; the Msomis imposed a "tax" on householders to pay for the damage. Both gang leaders had their big cars destroyed by fire. More taxis were "chained", or commandeered, for raids. "Protection" and the Friday evening pay robberies went on. Men would board the township buses and hold up the driver, while fellow gangsters went systematically through every passenger's pockets. Nobody was safe. Even the sewage-cart men had to do their work by day.

Where were the police? From the nearby Wynberg station constant raids went on as always for liquor and passes. But complaints against the Msomis—complaints of robbery and brutal assault and murder—never seemed to produce any result. People said the police were afraid of them; then it became persistent talk in the township that they were in league with the Msomis and even supplying them with arms. The Spoilers?—quite a few of *them* were arrested. But people who lodged complaints against the Msomis found that their names got uncannily back to the gangsters. Eventually most people found it not worth the trouble—and certainly not worth the risk—to go on complaining.

Requests for action were ineffective. In January, 1957, a senior officer of the Wynberg police was quoted (*'The Star'*) as saying that there was not very much crime in Alexandra. The only real evil, he said, was the existence of the liquor dens.

An elderly man testifies that he was assaulted by eight Africans—in revenge for having intervened in a robbery—and savaged by a dog they set on him. He dragged the dog into his house and killed it with an assegai. After he reported to the police, the owner of the dog arrived. They arrested the witness *for killing the dog and for possessing a firearm.*

A shopkeeper was threatened with death for refusing to pay the protection fee, he says. "I reported the matter to the Wynberg police. Three weeks later they took a statement. Two days after, I was coming home on a bus when Kaiphas and several natives boarded the bus, assaulted me and told me to leave . . . I was dragged from the bus . . . When we got to the house Kaiphas demanded money from me. I told him I had none. He then struck me again. He took my wireless, wrist watch and reference book. He told me he would take me to the office because I had reported to the police. I realised my life was in great peril. I hired a truck and had all my belongings removed to

ton, where I went into hiding.''

And a women witness, describing a robbery, reports: ''They said e are the Msomi. Where are you going to report this? We are the gs of Alexandra'.''

Eventually, of course, the police began to do their job. Early year there were sudden transfers of men from Wynberg tion. Nothing was ever explained officially; but new police ected some quick arrests in Alexandra and began the investigans which led to the arrest of the 66 men now charged. dercover men were set to build up the case against the Msomis. *One day Matthews offered him a job, one such African witness ges. ''He told me my duties would be to go about the township rob people. During my probationary period of a month I would armed with an axe and a knife, and after that with a gun. My es would be £3 a week. If I murdered somebody I would get £5 mission . . .''*

The knifings and beatings-up continued much as before. at last in September, 1958, the police swooped—and hard the arrests came a last savage reminder of what Alexandra l been experiencing for so long. When the suspects were en to Johannesburg Fort, the convicted Spoilers were iting there for them; their day of vengeance had come at last. ord passed through the vast prison that there were to be lings that night. For some reason the newcomers were ked up in the same section as the Spoilers. When night came, other prisoners heard strange sounds of singing, banging and pping of hands. In the morning four of the Msomi accused re found dead in a blood-spattered cell, beaten and trampled death, and two others badly injured. The bloody war of the xandra gangs had ended within the very walls of ''Number ar.''

# # #

The suspects shuffle, doze and whisper to each other in their htly-packed rows; the pretty white girl facing them yawns at recording machines. The preparatory examination has been ng on for three months and is nearly over. And still the tale violence unfolds. Witness No. 200-odd, an African girl of ut 20, flounces into the box wearing a sack dress and tells of rder. ''In the yard of our house I saw a man's body lying. truck a match and saw that it was someone I knew, Gabriel osi. I went to tell his family.'' ''Was this the only time have seen a body in Alexandra?'' asks the tall young

prosecutor, John Gildenhuys. "No, there were other times." "But you didn't report to anyone, the other times?" "I only reported this one because I knew him. The others I saw from a distance."

At first witnesses were terrified to make statements to the police. But as the hearing got under way they have been coming forward more willingly. The number of counts has risen to over 100—including five of murder—all over a period of only one year.

Sometimes one or other of the accused gets up to cross-examine. They had their lawyers there at the beginning, but now they are saving their money for the Supreme Court trial that may follow. When they differ on the line of questioning, there are sharp shushings and frantic signs to sit down. Occasionally when the court rises, they exchange angry words in Afrikaans. Others swop banter with the police and try to cadge a cigarette before trooping down into the cells.

The fear these men command, even as captives, seems prodigious. A witness complains they have threatened him with death during his evidence. Two policemen go with him as he steps among the accused to point out individuals. Next day he says he was molested in the township by their women who are always outside the court. "I was so frightened I slept in the veld," he says.

Proceedings are interrupted again when 17 accused stage a mass break-out from the prison van taking them to court one morning. Half the police in Johannesburg are out looking for them, and the prosecutor asks for an adjournment because the witnesses are again in terror. And Shadrack Matthews com plains to the magistrate that the '*Golden City Post*' has called the accused "scarfaces."

Alexandra has been a peaceful place since last September people are saying both in N Court and elsewhere. They can spend an ordinary evening out now. Mothers can send their children to the shops during the day. Of course, "normal" crime for an African area continues. Young gangs rushed to exploit the vacuum—the Sputniks, the C.P.Z., the Junior Spoilers, the New Msomis. But on the whole, things are very different. As a bus driver told the court with a flourish: "We came home and found all the streets were deserted and all was quiet. I walk like a big lord in the streets of the township now."

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY AND THE COLOUR BAR

SHULAMITH MULLER

ɔT very long ago a report appeared in the local press of a mber of European youths who were charged with desecrating mbstones somewhere on the Rand. What appalled me was t so much the offence itself—although it is a particularly sgusting one—but the excuse or reason given by these youths n mitigation''. They told the Court that they were pre-hding to ''hit Kaffirs''. Here again the appalling part of the se was not that these youths were breaking tombstones in der to pretend that they were ''hitting Kaffirs''. I suppose at at some or other time most of us have vented our violent elings on inanimate objects, either because we are too afraid, too socially conscious, to do it on the human object of our ger. But here we have a picture of four youngsters—not very young, after all, as they were all in their late teens—no think that it is a mitigating factor that they only wanted to hit Kaffirs'', who think that they will rouse sympathy for emselves by giving this as their motive.

I realize that many people will be shocked by this 'explanation', en supporters of the policy of apartheid. Yet they should not astonished. For the use of such an excuse is natural to a ciety in which ''to hit a Kaffir'' has become, both literally d figuratively, so much an accepted part of our way of life at it is having a considerable influence on the incidence of venile delinquency and crime generally in this country.

I am aware that most countries in the world to-day are faced th the problem of a disturbing increase in juvenile delinquency, en where colour as a problem does not exist. But there is doubt that in South Africa, as a consequence of the colour r, delinquency amongst both Europeans and non-Europeans growing at a rate frightening by any standards. I am not oting figures in support of this statement. I do not think r statistics give any indication of what the position really is. atistics refer only to those cases which are found out. And lo not think there is any country in the world where so much ime takes place daily without any report or complaint being ade about it. I refer here particularly to crime in the non-ropean areas. Through a variety of circumstances—some of

which I will deal with at a later stage—non-Europeans will very often not go to the police to report an offence. They hate the police at the best of times; often they feel it is a waste of time and often also they fear vengeance from the friends of the offender. But anyone living in a non-European area or with friends in such an area knows how dangerous life has become, largely as a result of the activities of the young 'tsotsis'—the juvenile delinquents.

I propose firstly to deal with the question of the effect of the colour bar on juvenile delinquency amongst non-Europeans. The link between the two is possibly clearer, more easily visible. After all, you do not need to be a psychologist to know that poverty must increase a tendency to steal, nor do you need to be a sociologist or economist to know that the non-Europeans as a whole live in conditions of unendurable poverty, mainly as a result of the workings of the colour bar or apartheid. No matter how poor a European is—and there are many who are—there is always a non-European who is poorer still. And because of this poverty, people turn to all sorts of ways in which to supplement their income, to make life a little less unendurable. Usually they resort to crime of some or other kind: illicit liquor selling, the cultivation and sale of dagga, the purchasing of stolen property. These are all offences which are daily being committed by people who are not at all criminals in the usual sense of the word; who usually do an ordinary job of work and use these methods to supplement their meagre incomes. Recently I heard of a non-European workers' organization which offered to try to negotiate with the employers to give the workers the goods produced by them at factory prices. The workers laughed at this and said it really wasn't necessary, as they could purchase the same goods in the location at less than factory prices—obviously stolen property, back-door stuff. And yet 95 per cent. of these people are basically perfectly honest, people who would never dream of stealing themselves. But they do not look on this receiving or buying of stolen property as a crime. It is something to boast about—you can get goods cheaply.

And so we have a position where children grow up in daily and open contact with crime, with the breaking of the law. I have mentioned three typical and common offences. But the contempt for the law goes even deeper. The political oppression caused by the colour bar and enforced by the police has built

an attitude that the breaking of the law is not in itself an nmoral thing. People are breaking the law all the time; od, decent and honest people who are constantly in danger from e police. Sometimes they haven't got a pass, have not got rmission to be in a particular area, have not paid their tax, e working without registration, are living in an area set aside r another racial group, and they are liable all the time to rest, fines or gaol. Well, if they are liable to be arrested for eaking the law by action which is morally quite unobjection- le, why not break the law and get something out of it— aterial gain, adventure, something to brighten one's dreary iserable existence. And so we have growing up a great ntempt for law and for the people who have to put it into fect, the police.

And, generally speaking, the non-European child is so es- cially open to becoming delinquent; quite apart from his verty. One does not need to be a psychologist to know that hat a child needs most in life is security; security to know at at least the little that he has he can be sure of having from y to day, that the home he has, poor and miserable though may be, *is* and will remain his home from day to day.

But what is the position to-day with the non-Europeans, d the Africans in particular. Is their family life ever secure? ow often does it happen that the wage-earner suddenly vanishes, metimes for long periods, sometimes for good? Sold to a rm, in gaol for technical contraventions of the law? Who nows when his father will be endorsed out of the urban area, rdered out of a location, sometimes unlawfully, sometimes wfully, shunted from place to place? What effect can it have n a family which has lived in the same area for years to be ddenly ordered to remove itself, lock, stock and barrel? know myself of hundreds of such cases. Very often the people o not get out. Very often they have nowhere else to go. o they stay on, not able to work legally, not able to live legally, ot able to walk the very streets legally. When you think of e fear and insecurity that lurks over so many thousands of eople throughout the country, is it so very surprising that rticularly the youth, with their desperate need for security, ould lose control of themselves and become delinquent.

And, of course, lack of control is itself an important contribu- ry factor to non-European juvenile crime. All those who me into contact with the young delinquent will tell how they

cannot understand why such decent, obviously honest and hard-working people as his parents are should have such children. But when one realizes that the parents usually both work, leaving the distant townships and locations at the crack of dawn and returning home well after dark, that they have no telephone communication with their families, and that their children are usually left to the mercy of relations who are too old and exhausted to exercise proper control, it is surprising only that there are not more delinquent children. And add to this set of circumstances totally inadequate schooling and almost non-existent recreational facilities, and the recipe for the juvenile delinquent is almost complete.

Another factor—often overlooked—is that the attitude of so many Europeans towards the non-Europeans, an attitude of contempt, an attitude that it doesn't matter what happens as long as the victim is an African, is, in fact, conveyed to the non-European himself.

How many times does one see the accused in a case involving non-Europeans getting away with pretty serious crimes simply because the case has not been properly investigated; language difficulties often mean that wrong statements are provided to the public prosecutors, so that when a witness finally comes to give evidence the prosecutor says it contradicts the statement given to him, and the case is thrown out. What bigger incentive to crime can there be than a feeling that "you can get away with it"? And the attitude of contempt towards non-Europeans is often communicated to them. It is true that the non-European is becoming more and more aware of his rights and more insistent on his dignity as a person, but there are still so many thousands who also feel that if something is done to a non-European it doesn't really matter. The extent of crime, particularly by juveniles, in the locations is quite frightening, and the non-Europeans are themselves the heaviest sufferers.

Finally, there is the most heartbreaking cause of delinquency, particularly in the urban areas, the lack of opportunity. It is one of the tragedies of the whole problem that very often the non-European delinquent is a bright and capable youngster. And it is simply because he is bright and capable that he is turned into a delinquent. One of the worst places for juvenile crime, where I know the position personally, is Alexandra Township, outside Johannesburg. Alexandra Township is, in point of fact, Johannesburg, but by a quirk of local government, it does not

l within the Johannesburg municipal area (although it is thin the magisterial district). Alexandra is purely and mply a residential area, except for a few businesses and the ad offices of the bus services, so that Johannesburg is the rmal market for its labour. Most of the older residents in lexandra work in Johannesburg and, through the efflux of me, have acquired the right to work there. But the youngster ho is born in Alexandra and grows up there is faced with an superable problem when he leaves school in order to go to ork. Because of the crazy influx control laws applicable to l urban areas, he is not allowed as of right to work in Johannesurg, or anywhere else in the urban area, except in Alexandra self, where there is no work for him, or in the rural areas a farm. In special circumstances he may be allowed into hannesburg to take up a job allocated to him by the District abour Bureau, usually as a domestic worker, gardener, golf addie, etc. For the rest, even though he may be able to find ork for himself, he is not allowed to take up work in town. is only choice is thus to leave his family and urban standards f living and go on to the farms to sweat out his life as a farm bourer for a mere pittance, or to remain unemployed, living y his wits. And the latter seems to be the obvious choice. fter all, what has he to lose? If he is arrested and convicted, e will probably get cuts once or twice and then he may be sent a reformatory, where he will at least be taught a trade and me effort will be made to place him in employment. On ne farms the most he can hope to earn is £5 per month, which considered a high wage. And so we have growing up thousands f youngsters who are not *allowed* to work, except as farm bourers, for which employment they are in no way suited by raining or outlook. They are the frustrated and hopeless ouths who make up the criminal gangs of Alexandra. For hem, until the system changes, there is no hope, nor for their ictims.

But what about those fortunate ones who do qualify to work n the cities? Apart from the one or two per cent. who go on o High Schools and possibly Universities and who qualify as rofessional people, what are their prospects? For the great najority, the highest they can aspire to is to be a driver of a orry, a factory worker, or that most coveted of all jobs, a messenger in an office. And this is regardless of brains, ability, nitiative, or any of the qualities which usually help a youth to

make good. Here again I refer in particular to the African. His prospects are a £5 a week job at the very most for the rest of his life (some, of course, do get more—sheer force of numbers is increasing the number of non-Europeans in semi-skilled work—but I am talking in general terms.) And further, his prospects are forever to be a 'boy', an unimportant cog in a wheel, without status and without dignity. What greater frustration can there be for an intelligent, ambitious youth than to be condemned to a life of this nature.

With this background of political and economic insecurity the wonder is, of course, that there are any non-European juveniles still left who are not delinquent.

On the face of it, it would seem that for the European the colour bar has brought nothing but prosperity and the good things of life. And in a sense this is, of course, true. There is such a shortage of skilled labour that almost any European is snatched up. By virtue of his race the European is a superior being, no matter what his qualifications, his ability or his character. He is always the boss, the superior person, secure in his membership of the master race. Why should the European youngster take to crime?

Well, whereas the non-European has a surfeit of obligations and no rights, the Europeans have a surfeit of rights without obligations. Cheap labour eliminates hard physical work, which is looked on by most as 'Kaffir work'; high wages tempt youngsters to leave school before they have really acquired any learning or any desire for learning. The only important thing has become money, material possession: learning and culture are unnecessary luxuries. Twenty years ago, for example, Jewish and Afrikaans parents, both members of races which have been oppressed from time to time, considered knowledge and culture as very precious things of which they had been deprived and which they now wished their children to have. But now that their children can have the rewards without the effort, the desire for them has rapidly faded away. The urge for education and culture has now largely transferred itself to the non-European who is presently the oppressed race.

What are the consequences? We have these spoilt, pampered youths who never lift a finger to help themselves, who even in their adolescence can boss and bully non-European adults around. After all, it is not anti-social to "hit a Kaffir"; and gradually, after one gets used to hitting 'Kaffirs', it becomes very ordinary

hit just anyone. It starts off by being funny to pilfer from non-European (you would be surprised at how many juveniles e convicted for stealing from non-Europeans), and then gradu-y it becomes more exciting still to steal from Europeans. These empty-headed, superior youths with the inflated wages nich they squander on cinemas, drink and dances, soon get ored with these mild forms of entertainment and turn to some-ing more exciting. It is not accidental that the most common rm of crime amongst European delinquents is the stealing of otor cars—the type of crime which affords most excitement the youngster.

And yet, deep down, the contempt for 'Kaffir work', the rogance of the European juvenile delinquent, covers up for s fear and instability—fear that he cannot maintain his superior-y and realization that it may not be forever that a man will able to rely on the colour of his skin in order to obtain a shy job.

What is the answer? It certainly does not lie in our Courts. here the causes of delinquency lie so clearly in the sociological d economic background, it is futile to suggest that suitable inishment, or even corrective training, will in any way fluence the growth of delinquency. What can the most derstanding of magistrates do for the young delinquent from lexandra Township? Send him along to the Labour Bureau get a job? Surely the answer will be: 'If we must allow ungsters into Johannesburg from Alexandra, there are plenty honest young fellows who should be given preference; why ould we take a young criminal?' What is the point of giving em corporal punishment and then returning them to the same t of conditions from which they have come? Reformatories, isons, care by social welfare officers—all these can only rve as palliatives so long as the cause survives in the background these young people.

Give a child security, manifest love, responsibility and pportunity, and he will flourish. But whilst the colour bar emains in our society, our children, European and non-uropean alike, are deprived of these qualities of decent living. urely, as long as the colour bar remains, so will juvenile elinquency remain and flourish in the soil that it provides.

TRIBALISM COMING TO TOWN

JULIUS LEWIN

Senior Lecturer in African Law and Administration in the University of the Witwatersrand

A Bill coming before the Union Parliament during the current session threatens to establish "Bantu urban authorities." From the indications given last year, the new measure is designed to lower the status of people in the towns to the level of tribesmen.

The Bill will abolish the small "Native advisory boards" that have existed in all urban "locations" or African townships since 1924 and it will evidently transfer their functions to individuals quaintly called "tribal ambassadors." This Bill (or another likely to emerge in a year or two) is also expected to establish in the townships tribal courts to be run on lines similar to the chiefs' courts in the reserves.

To appreciate what is involved in these proposals, it is necessary to have an outline of what the existing Bantu (rural) authorities are and of how the chiefs' courts work. There is, of course, one constant element in the Afrikaner attitude to Africans. Afrikaners believe that democratic institutions are unsuitable for the government of Africans and that, instead, Africans should be governed by their traditional tribal customs.

This idea is not original. The British used it all over Africa between 1920 and 1940, the period when "indirect rule" was so firmly orthodox a faith that officials in the Colonial Service and scholars in the universities who challenged it put their careers in jeopardy. In the 1920's ,when Hertzog's Nationalists first began to think about a Native policy for their party, they were impressed with this idea because it stressed the utility of the chieftainship. By administering the Africans in the reserves through the agency of their own chiefs, the European Government could (it was hoped) remain, if not invisible, at least in the background. Moreover, as Lugard, the father of indirect rule, realized in Nigeria, such a method of rural local government would be economical. For the white district commissioner would delegate to the chief all functions that did not impinge on European interests.

Indirect rule had three main features. First, it supported the authority of the hereditary chief over his tribesmen. Secondly,

chief's right to hold a court was recognized and the force of vernment's authority was put behind his judgments. And rdly, the chief was given control of a tribal treasury, the nds of which, drawn from local taxation, he could spend more less as he pleased, and even on his own comforts.

When the Union in 1927 borrowed this policy for rural local vernment, the British were still under the illusion that it uld answer African political aspirations for generations to me. In fact, however, the pretensions of indirect rule were andoned under the pressure generated during the second rld war, when the pace of political change in Africa could no nger be retarded. In any event, realists had begun to recog-ze that indirect rule offered the majority of educated Africans, reless in the choice of their parents and unrelated to a chief, place in the structure of government. The new African adership that emerged in the 1940's and 1950's had no interest , and less than no enthusiasm for, the traditional chieftainship d its undemocratic ways.

The abandonment by the British of indirect rule as a substitute r policy was, however, lost on South African administrators ho had adopted two of its three features. Legislation passed 1927 empowered the Native Affairs Department (now -christened the Bantu Administration Department or B.A.D.) recognize chiefs and to authorize them to hold courts which ere to hear civil cases, but only minor criminal cases. The ct, indeed, provided the general framework of Native adminis-ation in the reserves, especially in Natal and in the Transvaal here chieftainship had always been a force. In the eastern ape Province, however, the Native Local Council system was ell-established and chieftainship was comparatively weak. ccordingly, when the Nationalists later wanted to spread their Bantu (local) authorities," they had to destroy the local coun-ls, which they gladly did, if only because these had constitu-ons partly democratic.

Now it is a fact that the business of rural local government mains much the same, whether it is run by an autocratic chief by a democratic council. This business is concerned with ch things as the building of minor roads and bridges, water pplies, irrigation of lands, afforestation, the care of cattle, d, generally, the improvement of peasant agriculture. How ell or badly this work is done, and with what technical skill, epends mainly on the amount of money spent on the equip-

ment and services required. The 300-odd "Bantu (rural) authorities" proclaimed since 1952 have not altered this situation in the least. They are merely a new name for the old chief; even their scope is defined in terms drawn, usually word for word, from the old legislation enacted in the 1920's. All that has really happened is that the fifty-year-old Transkeian *Bunga* or General Council was abolished and the powers of the district councils in effect transferred to chiefs willing "to co-operate with" (i.e. to accept without question or criticism) the over-riding authority of BAD, acting through its local white officials who are armed with ample legal powers of control.

Outside the Cape Province and some Transvaal districts, the creation of Bantu rural authorities also involved only a paper change of names. For one thing, the chiefs never had tribal treasuries nor have they yet gained visible access to tribal funds. What is more, they have never been instructed in the elements of public finance, let alone the mysteries of accounting and auditing.

Yet these chiefs are the men who will (with BAD's approval) nominate tribal "representatives" to go and sojourn in the urban townships. If one has to call these men tribal "ambassadors", one might recall the definition of an ambassador as a man sent abroad to lie for his country. No doubt these spokesmen will have to lie to their chiefs—or to the municipal officials whom they must confront when they replace the doomed advisory boards. But fancy titles will avail these men little. The advisory boards have for 35 years been concerned with such matters as houses, rents, beer-brewing, street lighting and drainage, sewage, lodger's permits and the like. They have also had the statutory right to scrutinize the estimates of revenue and expenditure from the special accounts that all municipalities must keep for township finances. To transfer this right to be consulted about such things to one individual (or even to a bevy of chiefs' agents) will be to reduce the right to a farce. The chiefs have neither practical experience nor personal knowledge of such municipal affairs, and their agents will be equally at sea. It can be predicted that sooner rather than later trouble will come as discontent rises to new heights in the urban townships. Perhaps that will be the signal for BAD to decide that the time has arrived to take over the whole administration of African affairs from the municipalities, a possibility foreshadowed for some years among municipal officials.

When the advisory boards have gone the way of the rural cal councils, the system of African representation in the Union rliament will be ready for destruction, and its fate has already en announced. The boards and the councils were among the ting units in the electoral colleges that chose the four senators. nce the elections are decided by Bantu authorities, rural and ban, Nationalist candidates may stand a better chance of success. here are, however, enough Nationalists in Parliament now to ke care of all the Government's requirements, so the time will ve come to abolish the whole system of representation. ter all, it reflects an out-of-date compromise that Hertzog was duced to accept under pressure in 1936 when his coalition th Smuts governed the country. And the other half of that settlement"—the enlargement of the reserves—has already en abandoned, as the Tomlinson Report revealed. Anyway, ho cares in 1959 what promises were given to Africans in 1936?

Whether the chiefs will be empowered to hold courts in the wnships remains to be seen. In these days no possibility is o fantastic to be translated into law. This particular possi-lity was contemplated by Mr. C. R. Swart, the Minister of stice, in a speech to a Nationalist party congress in 1957 when complained of the (imaginary) misconduct of African attorneys the ordinary courts of law. The scheme seems to take this rm: let tribal courts in the towns hear a large range of cases at now burden the Native Commissioners' Courts. Exclude hite lawyers from these tribal courts—this provision was in the iginal Bill in 1952—but allow African lawyers to appear there. his discrimination would take a long stride towards the apart-id in law courts that is proving so hard to introduce by any her means.

What quality of justice chiefs or their agents would dispense town can be estimated from the chiefs' courts held in the serves. Through all the years since 1929 no change in these urts has been visible, except in one respect. Their powers to nish by fines of money or cattle were enlarged in 1955, and the tegory of criminal cases extended beyond offences supposedly own to tribal tradition. This last point is significant. It was earlier indication of the Government's determination to use e authority of the chiefs to control tribesmen, even where the ture of the authority exerted had no true basis in Native custom. r example, the legislation of 1955 gave the chiefs power to nish criminal offences under the common law, such as assault

or theft.

This extension of the scope of chiefs' courts is objectionable on several grounds. Most of the 1,600 chiefs and headmen are uneducated men, and many are virtually illiterate. This was noted by the Native Economic Commission in its Report of 1932 which was the last survey made, and in the absence of training for chiefs, there is no evidence of improvement since then. On the contrary, the conduct of many chiefs' courts remains a scandal. Lawyers are prohibited from appearing in these courts, but glimpses of what goes on are obtainable from litigants who later seek the help of attorneys, and from the law reports that regularly record cases heard on appeal. For some years the chiefs were obliged to follow hardly any rules of proper procedure, and even now only a short set of rules is enforceable. The whole idea was to keep litigation between tribesmen an informal and simple affair "in accordance with Native law and custom." Nobody noticed or cared that the types of cases coming to the chiefs' courts were more likely to be complicated than simple. This increasing complexity was due to economic and social changes in African life that had reached even the most isolated tribes in the Union. The crudities and injustices of this system were modified by the right of a litigant to take his case to the Native Commissioner's Court when he was dissatisfied with the chief's judgments. As the chiefs' courts keep no proper records and no figures are ever published, no one knows in detail how many cases are heard, how many are taken on appeal, or what the litigants feel about the rough justice administered at this tribal level. How rough its quality is may be inferred from the fact that hearsay evidence is admissible and that the most elementary principles of justice need not be observed.

"In looking back over the martyrdom of man," G. M. Trevelyan wrote in his *History of England*, "we are appalled by the thought that any rational search after the truth in courts of law is a luxury of modern civilization. It was scarcely attempted by primitive peoples." Yes, indeed; perhaps that explains why the chiefs have been allowed for the last thirty years to run their courts in their own way, with little interference and less assistance from anyone conscious of the necessity to uphold minimum judicial standards. But a month after tribal courts are opened in the towns, the deficiencies of such courts will become notorious.

At the same time the fiction will be destroyed that most

rican cases can be decided in accordance with tribal custom. the ignorant it may seem at first glance like a neat and tidy lution "to apply Native law and custom to Natives" and the mmon law to everyone else (and even to Africans in their alings with non-Africans). Of course, the fact, recognized by except the apostles of apartheid, is that Africans have long nsed to live under the tribal conditions of the nineteenth ntury. They do not remain in their huts doing only what their ndparents did. They have been drawn deeply into the Euro- an economic and social system. In town and country, sides all their ordinary commercial transactions, they run ings accounts at the post offices, they take out burial and life surance policies, and they sign hire-purchase agreements. en in remote reserves, buying and selling at the stores owned traders black and white, they handle money and goods more n cattle or hoes. Converted to Christianity, a rising pro- rtion of all Africans get married either in church or at the mmissioner's office and thus under the common law. This ocess of westernization, now far advanced, is fully reflected in igation. To-day the cases coming before the courts are not inly about *lobolo*, as in the past, but disputes of all conceivable nds. Moreover, as in European litigation, very many cases rn on technical questions of legal procedure and practice. ibal custom has no relevance to the big majority of cases, cause money and private property and formal procedures were known to simple Bantu tribesmen living in an earlier stage of cial development. That is why justice cannot be done to igants if courts are permanently befogged by the illusion that bal rules must prevail. In any event, all civil cases that involve non-African must continue to fall under the common law and tried by the ordinary magistrates' courts. And the current nfusion will be worse confounded if, in accordance with the cred principle of ethnic grouping, Zulu litigants have to go to lu courts, Basuto litigants to Basuto courts, and so on. When Basuto sues a Zulu, the resulting conflict of laws will no doubt promptly settled by providing the "tribal ambassadors" th a copy of that standard work, Cheshire's *Private International Law*!

One further aspect of the attempt to revive tribalism in decay ay yet cause more disturbance than any other. This is the liberate attack on the legal status of African women, which is nked with the imposition of pass books on them. It is signifi-

cant that in the pass book of every woman is to be inscribed the name of her male guardian who must be her husband or nearest male relative. This idea is derived from Native law and custom under which a woman's limited rights were in the hands of her guardian. In tribal society a woman was in effect "a perpetual minor," a child of a larger growth incapable of asserting or defending her own rights. This principle has not been absorbed into South African law, where it can correctly be applied *only* in those cases involving tribal custom in which the Native Commissioner's Court decides to follow tribal custom in the interests of justice. But simply by the effrontery of administrative action, women are now to be vexed by the necessity of producing their guardian's consent (if not the guardian himself) for almost any purpose, when an official so decides. This reluctant guardian, wherever he lives, will also be burdened with the duty of supporting women, including widows, expelled from the towns.

There is one consolation in all this planned mischief. Trying to bring tribalism to town will expose its theories and practices to the scrutiny from which the reserves have protected them for too long. There are now too many educated and sophisticated Africans living in urban areas to allow this crazy pattern of policy to succeed. Cities have historically been the cradle of civilization; in South Africa they will also provide the grave of tribalism.

REQUIEM FOR SOPHIATOWN

CAN TEMBA

REALISM can be star-scattering, even if you have lived your whole unthinking life in reality. Especially in Sophiatown,* these days, where it can come with the sudden crash of a flying brick on the back of your head.

Like the other day when Bob Gosani and I sneaked off towards our secret shebeen in Morris Street. We were dodging an old friend of ours whom we call the Leech, for he is one of those characters who like their drink—any amount—so long as someone else pays for it.

Well, this secret shebeen in Morris Street was a nice place. You take a passage through Meyer Street over haphazard heaps of bricks where houses have been broken down, you find another similar passage that leads you from Ray Street into Edith Street, where you find another passage, neater, having always been there, between the Coloured School and Jerusalem-like slum-houses, you go down a little, and suddenly there it is.

Quite a fine place, too. A little brick wall, a minute garden of mostly christmas flowers, a half-veranda (the other half has become a little kitchen) and the floor of the veranda polished a bright green.

Inside, the sitting-room may be cluttered with furniture, it is so small, but you sink comfortably into a sofa as one of the little tables that can stand under the other's belly is placed before you, and you make your order. Half-a-jack of brandy!

How often have Bob and I not whooped happily: "Yessus! the Leech will never find us here." So, though there were directer routes to this place, we always took the passages. They say these people can smell when you are going to make a drink.

But that day, as we emerged into Morris Street, it was as if that brick had just struck us simultaneously on our heads. That sweet, little place was just not there. Where it should have been was a grotesque, grinning structure of torn red brick that made it look like the face of a mauled boxer trying to be sporting after his gruel. A nausea of despair rose up in me, but it was Bob who said the only appropriate thing:

"Shucks."

*The freehold area in the west of 'white' Johannesburg which has been declared a 'black spot' and is in the process of demolition—its black residents being forcibly removed to the regimented location of Meadowlands.

Here is the odd thing about Sophiatown. I have long been inured to the ravages wreaked upon Sophiatown. I see its wrecks daily, and through many of its passages that have made such handy short-cuts for me, I have stepped gingerly many times over the tricky rubble. Inside of me, I have long stopped arguing the injustice, the vindictiveness, the strong-arm authority of which prostrate Sophiatown is a loud symbol.

Long ago I decided to concede, to surrender to the argument that Sophiatown was a slum, after all. I am itchingly nagged by the thought that slum-clearance should have nothing to do with the theft of free-hold rights. But the sheer physical fact of Sophiatown's removal has intimidated me.

Moreover, so much has gone—veritable institutions. Fatty of the Thirty-nine Steps. Now, that was a great shebeen! It was in Good Street. You walked up a flight of steps, the structure looked dingy as if it would crash down with you any moment. You opened a door and walked into a dazzle of bright electric light, contemporary furniture, and massive Fatty. She was a legend. Gay, friendly, coquettish, always ready to sell you a drink. And that mama had everything: whisky, brandy, gin, beer, wine—the lot. Sometimes she could even supply cigars. But now that house is flattened. I'm told that in Meadowlands she has lost the zest for the game. She has even tried to look for work in town. Ghastly.

Dwarf, who used to find a joke in everything. He used to walk into Bloke's place, catch us red-handed playing the music of Mozart. He used to cock his ear, listen a little and in his gravel voice comment: "No wonder he's got a name like that." There is nothing that Dwarf loved more than sticking out his tongue to a cop and running for it. I once caught him late at night in his Meadowlands house washing dishes. He still manfully tries to laugh at himself.

And Mabeni's, where the great Dolly Rathebe once sang the blues to me. I didn't ask her. She just sidled over to me on the couch and broke into song. It was delicious. But now Dolly is in Port Elizabeth, and Mabeni, God knows where.

These are only highlights from the swarming, cacophonous, strutting, brawling, vibrating life of the Sophiatown that was. But it was not all just shebeeny, smutty, illegal stuff. Some places it was as dreams are made on.

I am thinking of those St. Cyprian's School boys who a decade ago sweatingly dug out the earth behind the house of the

ommunity of the Resurrection, in order to have a swimming bol. It still stands, and the few kids left still paddle in it. me of those early schoolboys of St. Cyprian's later went up to ther Ross or Father Raynes or Father Huddleston who angled a bursary for them to go to St. Peter's, then on to Fort are, and later even Wits, to come back doctors.

Their parents, patiently waiting and working in town, imped a penny here, a tickey there, so that they might make e necessary alteration to their house, or pay off the mortgage. nd slowly Sophiatown was becoming house-proud.

Of course, there were pressures too heavy for them. After e war, many people came to Johannesburg to seek for work d some hole to night in. As they increased they became a using problem. As nobody seemed to care, they made phiatown a slum.

But the children of those early Sophiatonians—some of them—e still around. It is amazing how many of them are products f the Anglican Mission at St. Cyprian's. I meet them often in spectable homes, and we talk the world to tatters.

Mostly we talk of our lot in life. After all, too often we have een told that we are the future leaders of our people. We are e young stalwarts who are supposed to solve the problems of ur harassed world.

"Not political unity, we need," one would say; "our ociety is too diverse and unwieldy for that. Just a dynamic ore of purified fighters with clear objectives and a straight-rward plan of action. That is all."

Another: "No! We must align ourselves with the new rces at play in Africa today. There already is the dynamicity. he idea of a one Africa has never been put as powerfully as at ccra recently. You see, Africans, wherever they are, have ot a territorial, a local loyalty: they don't feel that they belong o a South Africa or a Federation or a Tanganyika or a Kenya or a West Africa; but with Africans in the whole of Africa. In fact, many of us are wondering if Arabs and Egyptians are also Africans. They probably are."

Still another: "But if the boys in the North are getting busy, houldn't we start something here ourselves?"

"Waal, you see, our ANC here has been caught with its pants down. The Africanists are claiming that Accra has proclaimed heir stand. And the ANC representative there could only discuss the tactical difficulties of the ANC in South Africa with

her special conditions."

"Ya. But this African Personality idea, how does it mean t us? What does it mean, anyway?"

"I'll tell you. In the world today are poised against eac other two massive ideologies: of the East and of the Wes Both of them play international politics as if we're bound t choose between them. Between them only. We have jus discovered that we can choose as we like, if we grow strong i our own character. But there's more to this. The West ha had a damned long time to win us. Win us over to Wester thinking. Western Christian way of living. Their ideas c democracy and their Christian ideals were wonderful, but the did not mean them.

"Let me explain. We are quite a religious people. W accept the idealism of Christianity. We accept its hig principles. But in a stubborn, practical sense we believe i reality. Christian Brotherhood must be real. Democrac must actually be the rule of the people: not of a white hobo ove a black M.A.

"To us, if a witchdoctor says he'll bring rain, we not onl want to see the rain fall, but also the crops sprout from th earth. That's what a rainmaker's for, nay? If the bone thrower says he'll show up the bastard who's been slinging lightning at me, I expect him to swing that bolt of lightning right back. So if the priest says God's on my side, I'd like to see a few more chances and a little less whiteman's curses.

"But, in any case, Christianity is now an anaemic religion It cannot rouse the ancient in me—especially the Chaka instinc I still have. Now, you and I are educated guys. We don't go for the witchcraft stuff. And we don't want to go for the juke box stuff. But much as we deny it, we still want the thrill o the wild blood of our forefathers. The whites call it savagery. Ineradicable barbarism. But in different degrees we want the colour, and vigour and vibrant appeal of it all. So the tsots seeks in the cowboy the way to strut across the streets with swaying hips and a dangerous weapon in each hand. So the zionist thumps his drum and gyrates his holy fervour up the streets So you and I and these guys here discuss politics, teasingly dancing around the idea of violence.

"All it means is that in wanting to express her demand fo democratic self-determination, Africa is also releasing he ancientmost desire to live life over the brim. That's how com

sometimes seem to talk in two voices."

"Wait a minute," another shrieks, "wait a minute. We're all like that. Some of us would like to get things right, and rt anew. Some piece of social engineering could get things rking right, if our moral purposes were right, not just venge- ."

"Sure, but our masters have taught this damned thing violence well by precept—often practice—that they get you to believe t it's the only way to talk turkey to them."

We do not only talk about this particular subject. Our jects are legion. Nkrumah must be a hell of a guy, or is he t bluffing? What about our African intellectuals who leave country just when we need them most? But is it honestly e that we don't want to have affairs with white girls? What id of white supremacy is this that cannot stand fair com- ition? What will happen if a real topmost Nat gets caught the Immorality Act? In fact, all those cheeky questions that ver get aired in public.

But it always ends up with someone saying, "Aw shut up, ks, you got no plan to liberate us."

Somewhere here, and among a thousand more individualistic ngs, is the magic of Sophiatown. It is different and itself. u don't just find your place here, you make it and you find urself. There's a tang about it. You might now and then ve to give way to others making their ways of life by methods t in the book. But you can't be bored. You have the right listen to the latest jazz records at Ah Sing's over the road. u can walk a Coloured girl of an evening down to the Odin nema, and no questions asked. You can try out Rhugubar's rry with your bare fingers without embarrassment. All this th no sense of heresy. Indeed, I've shown quite a few white ople "the little Paris of the Transvaal"—but only a few were rikaners.

What people have thought to be the brazenness of Sophiatown s really been its clean-faced frankness. And, of course, its art jowl against the rosy cheek of Westdene.

Ay, me. That was the Sophiatown that was.

I shall have to leave these respectable homes of my friends and mble over the loose bricks back to my den. I hear tell that ackie is still about in his shack behind the posh house in vastated Millar Street.

Blackie's landlord is still facing it out, what the hell for?

Since the Rathebe case most of the standholders have decided to capitulate. They are selling out like rats letting the passenger sink. Solly got caught in this—the newest racket. His landlord told him nothing. Waited for him to pay the next month's rent, although he knew that he was planning to sell out. The Resettlement Board has been very sympathetic with such cases: it has told tenants not to pay landlords rent any more, for they may suddenly be given yesterday's notice and the G.G. will come to break down the house over their heads.

Solly was not at home when the landlord trekked. When he got there he found his furniture was left outside and a policeman was guarding the house. Poor Solly had to rush about looking for some place to put his stuff for the night. Half-a-dozen friends helped.

And still I wander among the ruins trying to find one or two of the shebeens that Dr. Verwoerd has overlooked. But I do not like the dead-eyes with which some of these ghost houses stare back at me. One of these days I, too, will get me out of here. Finish and clear!

BASUTOLAND IN TRANSITION

PATRICK DUNCAN

A former Judicial Commissioner in Basutoland.
Now Editor of "Contact," a South African liberal periodical.

n Thursday, 18 December, 1958, the British Secretary of te for Commonwealth Relations, Lord Home, made a state- nt in the House of Lords announcing that "agreement has en reached on all the essential features of a new Constitution th the object of placing more power and greater responsibility the hands of the Basuto nation." This agreement was rgely based" on a Report, "a historic document in the rela- ns between" the British Government and the Basuto nation. The Report was a product of the Basuto people themselves, rked out by their own National Council, in consultation with South African jurist, Professor Denis V. Cowen, of Cape wn University.

The Secretary of State said that "in accordance with the oposals in the Report, I intend to recommend to Her Majesty, e Queen that, subject to certain legislative and reserve powers maining with the High Commissioner, the Constitution should tablish a Legislative Council for Basutoland. . . . This Council uld be given power to legislate for all persons in Basutoland d would have the right in addition to discuss those matters ich remain in the High Commissioner's legislative sphere. financial powers would include the right to vote the estimates Council matters and to discuss those relating to the High mmissioner's matters. . . .

"There would be an Executive Council, established broadly ng the lines of the Report, comprising four unofficial members d four official members, of whom one would be the Resident mmissioner who would preside.

"Both delegations are satisfied that the best solution is to tablish a single roll for Basuto and non-Basuto British sub- cts. . . ."

The astonishing thing about this Report is that it is an *African* cument. It is true that in the drafting of it the Basuto had e very great assistance of a most gifted South African, Professor owen. But the initiative for the writing of it was purely suto, emanating from a resolution of the National Council. he choice of Professor Cowen was a choice of the Basuto;

all expenses involved were found by the Basuto from their National Treasury. And Committees of the Basuto National Council were responsible for every stage in the progress of the Report.

The local British Administration had little to do with the drafting of the document. On each Committee there sat one representative of the Administration. Each representative was probably the most sympathetic and tactful man available. Each was an experienced administrator. Neither quality helped with the initiating of ideas, but both did the essential job of keeping the Committees' view and that of the Administration close together. Clearly, the Administration has changed its policy radically during the past two years, and the people have succeeded, at last, in getting what they have been busy demanding for some eighty years.

Chapter 2 of the Report is entitled "Historical Introduction," and is an admirable short conspectus of events from 1868, 90 years ago, when Basutoland first became British territory. The Report divides these years into three periods:

(1) 1868-1910, or the formative period;
(2) 1910-1938, or period of economic and social changes;
(3) 1938-1955, or period in which successive attempts at administrative reform took place.

Shortly after annexing Basutoland in 1868, the British Government handed it over to the Parliament of the Cape Colony. And, in accordance with its general policy, the Cape attempted progressively to substitute "the jurisdiction of Magistrates for that of the Chiefs," as Lord Hailey has phrased it.

This policy was not acceptable to the Basuto, and the regulations passed to implement it proved to be unworkable. Its failure was made plain in the Gun War of 1881, and the Cape asked Britain in 1883 to take the territory back and administer it itself. This was done, and the foundation was laid for the present division between the Union and the High Commission Territories.

Britain reversed the Cape policy of direct magisterial government, and laid down a new policy. Lagden records that the instructions to Colonel (Sir) Marshall Clarke, the first Resident Commissioner, were brief:

> "Her Majesty's Government were of opinion that nothing more could be attempted at first than the protection of life and property and the maintenance of order on the border

ut the Basuto were to be encouraged to establish internal elf-government sufficient to repress crime and settle any ribal disputes."[1]

hese instructions were faithfully carried out in the beginning, easy-going relations existed between the British and the uto. The first Resident Commissioners honoured shoeshoe's request,

that the Queen should send a man to live with me who will e her ear and eye and also her hand to work with me in olitical matters. . . . The Queen rules my people only nrough me. The man whom I ask from the Queen to live ith me will guide and direct me. . . . When the agent and agree as to what is right I shall carry it out."[2]

ut for many reasons the settlement, though admirably wise he time, did not have sufficient flexibility. It entrenched chiefs, who became secure in their rights and tended to lect the welfare of the people. It offered the progressive uto little possibility of influencing their own country. cordingly, after about 1920, the signs began to multiply that system had outlived its maximum usefulness. A "Basuto- l Progressive Association" sprang up, to represent the up- -coming middle classes. The "Lekhotla la Bafo" (League Commoners) arose under the able leadership of the prophet- Josiel Lefela, which sought to end British influence in utoland, and to reunite chiefs and people, who, they said, been parted by the British.

The British noticed these signs, and occasionally tried to ch the system. In the 'twenties they tried to reform the irts system. The chiefs of those days financed themselves gely from court fines, and they opposed any idea of reform, so this attempt failed. In 1938 the Colonial Empire was d on the idea of "indirect rule", i.e., that government could ntinue for a long period through the chiefs—and in 1938 British Administration introduced reforms to the Basuto urt system and tried (most unsuccessfully) to tabulate and gulate the chieftainship. Still, little had been done to make place for the rising middle classes, and in 1946 a further empt was made to settle dissatisfaction. A "National easury" was set up to finance the chieftainship and the court tem. But the root of the matter had not been touched.

The Basutos" page 560.
The Basutos" page 315.

What was necessary was for the rising middle-classes and literate people to be brought into the machinery of government; for the people's voice to be heard there; and for the way to be opened for the Basuto to enter the modern world as equals. The earlier reforms had not really touched these essentials and dissatisfaction persisted.

Then, in January, 1953, occurred an important event. Under the Presidency of Mr. Ntsu C. Mokhehle, the Basutoland African Congress was set up. It collected the sort of people who had been left out by the earlier settlements. Under its wing a small group began to produce a monthly journal called '*Mohlabani*' (the warrior). Its editor, Mr. B. M. Khaketla, was and is a close friend of Mr. Mokhehle, and it had instantaneous and devastating effects. It slated government officials for their sins of omission and commission. I can testify to the shocked trauma suffered by the small white community of Maseru when it appeared. Accustomed to learning from their Basuto interpreters that they were angels of light rescuing the Basuto from indigenous darkness, they discovered from '*Mohlabani*' that they were regarded as obstacles to the Basuto in the struggle for freedom and equality. They also read of the unmentionable—how Mr. A. of the Agricultural Department had sworn at a teacher; how Mr. B. had used government transport to attend a polo match; how Bishop C. had written to his flock; and how Trader D. had done down his customers. Basutoland has never been the same since.

The Administration was shocked, but did not react with prison camps, and set up only a *small* Special Branch. Its composition is reported in the latest (1957) Annual Report as follows: "This Branch is commanded by an Assistant Superintendent of Police, and the establishment consists of one Staff Sergeant, two Corporals, ten Troopers and one Lady Clerk.'

What they did do was to invite an ex-Governor-General of Ceylon, Sir Henry Moore, to head a committee to make recommendations for a new establishment that would satisfy more of the Basuto.

Although at this time I was no longer in the service, the thinking of the Administration was clear for me, or for anyone else to see. Britain believed that if it gave the Basuto real local government but kept the central government under its own close control, enough Basuto would either be satisfied or employed for the tide of criticism to ebb. This thinking was

ly reflected in the Moore Report, which was indeed written lose collaboration with the Administration.

it the Basuto are canny, and the report unleashed a tre- dous volume of criticism. For months the debate raged. Administration was assured by its interpreters that the cism was the work of "just a few agitators"; the people, ey assured their employers, would vote for the Moore Report. his did not happen, and the Report was rejected almost imously by the National Council in 1955.

year later, the Administration surrendered and agreed to up the Committees responsible for the latest Report and stitutional proposals.

he balance of power is now with the Basuto. Although the Constitution there is a division between "Council ters" and "High Commissioner's matters", this division nore apparent than real, for the High Commissioner will be ged to consult the Council on all matters, including those rved for his own decision. Now, with the powers of the ncil increased to the extent that they have been, this con- iation will, in practice, give the Council a practical veto r the "High Commissioner's matters." This has been wn by the manner in which the British have never inter- d in Southern Rhodesia, although they were specifically n the right to do so in the 'twenties. It has also been wn by the manner in which even in the past the Basutoland ncil, although in name merely advisory, has been able to vent the passing of legislation of which it did not approve. This is a fact of immense importance to the Basuto, who will v have the responsibility of making the new Constitution rk. It will call for the highest degree of enthusiasm, efficiency t responsibility. My view is that the necessary men and lities will be forthcoming, even if some of the able Basuto y in the Union have to return home to help. But if they are succeed, they will have to maintain unity and build strength. t is also a fact of importance to the Union and other Southern ican States. For many are the "Native Reserves" south of Zambesi. In each there will be responsible men watching Basuto experiment. The Swazis and Bechuana can be pected to follow suit in the near future.

For how long can the structure of white supremacy continue act under pressures like these?

FISH ON FRIDAYS—A PORTRAIT OF MOZAMBIQUE

OWEN WILLIAMS

Parliamentary Sub-editor of the 'Cape Times'

THE winds of rising literacy in Africa and Asia have made a certain amount of tact obligatory, almost everywhere except in South Africa. Good, old-fashioned oppression, Kiplingesque "lesser-breeds-without-the-law" practice, must now be called something else.

A spade is no longer a spade in colonial parlance. It is something like: An instrument designed through proper manual labour gradually to raise the level of subsistence and civilization of the primitive indigenous people, until in the foreseeable future a level warranting the use of propulsion mechanisms is attained.

So, in Portuguese territories, probably the briskest and most efficient pattern of oppression anywhere in Africa is known as "the concept of identity".

This concept is based on two premises—both fallacious, but both having a singular power to hoodwink the many people horrified by the excesses in South Africa and British-dominated territories into thinking there is something somehow rather different, rather more benign and civilized, in the administrations of Portugal, France and Belgium.

"Identity" postulates that Mozambique and Angola are not colonies but integral parts of metropolitan Portugal; and that the indigenous peoples are merely at a low level of civilization because they have not developed far enough, though full status and citizenship are, of course, open to all.

Both these postulates are so palpably false that were it not for the idyllic picture so efficiently spread abroad by the Salazar regime they would hardly be worthy of notice.

Mozambique and Angola are only technically parts of Portugal. The actual form of government in Mozambique, for example, works like this—

An Act of 1951 has designated Mozambique an "overseas province", which gives a limited number of people the titular status of Portuguese citizens and the right—theoretically—to take part in the election of the President of the Republic.

The legislative body is the National Assembly in Portugal.

ch has 120 Deputies. To this body Mozambique has the t to "elect" three, and this out of a total population of rly 6,000,000. These Deputies need not, and, in fact, quently do not, have any connection with Africa.

n practice, too, a qualification for election means active port of the fascist Salazar regime, for the opposition is small subject to constant harassments by the secret police.

local government is almost entirely of an administrative ure. At the base of the structure there are a few African age headmen, appointed for "reliability". These headmen, own as *regulos*, get about £4 a month. Below the *regulo* there a few minor village heads, who get no pay, but an annual tuity based on the collection of taxes in their areas.

This whole system is subject to tremendous abuse, usually nected with bribery.

One of the functions of the white *Chefo do Posto* is the im-ssment of African forced labour. The money which flows o the officials' own pockets as a result of this unsavoury rupation is openly admitted in Mozambique. Similarly, the lection of taxes is known to be rotten with large scale dis-nesty.

The theoretical identity of the African with the Portuguese tonist is based upon the remote possibility of the African's coming an *assimilado*.

The theory is that the Portuguese are in Africa on a divine, ilizing mission. The Africans are not yet fit for citizenship, t as soon as any individual rises to a high enough level he is alified for the rights, duties and privileges of the white man o enjoys the benevolent patronage of Dr. Salazar.

Practice, of course, is different, and it is illuminating to alyse the complete hollowness of this pretty theory.

Taking as a basis the 1950 census—apparently erring on the le of understatement of total population, as it was based on x receipts—there were in Mozambique 4,353 assimilated ricans, out of a total African population of about 5,600,000. Angola the number was higher—30,039.

When one considers the qualifications necessary for admission the status of 'assimilated one', the only surprising thing is at these figures are so high.

The *assimilado* must: have definitely adopted a "European anner of life" and abandoned certain native customs such as olygamy; he must speak fluently and write Portuguese; he

must possess some trade, profession or calling giving a recognize financial status; and he must have completed his military service

His fitness for citizenship is judged by a tribunal, which not famous for lack of political bias and hostility to the Salaza concepts of government.

The emphasis on the first of these qualifications makes it quit impossible for any African who is not a practising Roman Catholic to gain admission to these select ranks.

The almost complete lack of educational facilities, the grindin poverty imposed by the economic colour bar, the system c forced labour at ridiculous wages, and the virtual impossibiliti of any African learning a profession or acquiring a lucrative trad put up almost as effective an apartheid system as any dreamt u by Dr. Verwoerd.

Another difficulty is that many Africans equipped for *assimilad* status are prevented from acquiring it by the fear that it wi mean losing their jobs.

Then, according to Lord Hailey ('An African Survey Revised, 1956), the Decree of 1954 which restated the qualifications fo admission to the degree of *assimilado* appears to have been intended to narrow rather than to enlarge the avenue of approach to this status.

It is also apparently—and significantly—linked with a drive to increase the number of Portuguese inhabitants of African territories.

These facts, however, are part of a broader pattern of re pressive government, part of the ruthless Salazar dictatorship which seems to have gone unnoticed by the outside world, and to have escaped the obloquy gained, for example, by Franco, and our own trinity, Malan, Strijdom and Verwoerd.

On a recent visit to Mozambique I found the greatest difficulty in tracing anyone who was willing to say anything against the regime at all. When I did, through an elaborate pyramid of introductions and cross-introductions, find a small, white opposition group—I could find no evidence of organized African opposition whatever—I was surprised at their bitterness and vehemence.

It was said the only possibility of change was through a *coup d'état*, although any organization towards that end was denied, and the people to whom I spoke strongly blamed the N.A.T.O. alliance for bolstering up the corrupt central government. Were it not for active American support and encouragement, the

zar regime would have been rotted by its own corruption, bably soon after World War II.

here was no sign of Communist organization, although there s usual, much talk in state circles of left-wing activity.

To be a Communist here", one member of the small Portu- se opposition told me, "all you have to do is eat meat on days".

If there were no Communist Party", another said, "the tuguese oligarchy would have had to invent one to excuse the npling down and persecution of any opposition".

among the complex of factors which prevent the formation of African liberatory movements is the rigorous and efficient sorship of the Press.

This has, of course, the almost equally important function of mming any tide of emancipatory ideas among the whites, for struggles for freedom white and black show a tendency to rge, as any African government is aware.

spent some time in a newspaper office in Lourenço Marques, watched proofs being sent over to the adjacent censor's ce. Publication is not permitted until they are returned cially stamped, and such is the efficient conditioning of the vspaper staffs that I saw none that needed alteration.

The same censorship, of course, applies to books and news- bers that come from the world beyond, and by the time the ll has ground, only the most innocuous of facts and theories permitted to the small literate population of Mozambique. While I was there, for example, a group of elderly men were ested in Portugal on vague charges connected with the in- ation of Aneurin Bevan to Portugal. This was widely known but only as it had been broadcast from Brazzaville.

Apart from the sheer difficulty of obtaining facts and ideas, wever, there is the fear of the efficient and ever-vigilant secret lice.

In the pleasant sidewalk cafés, I was assured, there were always tioned one or two members of the police whose only duties re to watch and to observe. Several of these alleged police- en were pointed out to me, and they did, in fact, seem to have familiar look of lowering watchfulness.

Stories of sudden and unexplained disappearances are common- ace, particularly among Africans who for one reason or another t a bit uppity, but the white population is said to be far from mmune.

It is said that the probability of disappearance is in direct ratio with prominence in social, personal and international life—which is another law well understood by this type of government.

I heard a possibly apocryphal story of an undertaker in Portugal who eventually objected to the number of mutilated corpses—normally, apparently, they had finger nails missing—delivered to his chambers by the police. The undertaker, so I was told, had his reward. He disappeared too.

There are stories—which I was unable to establish—of a remote and fever-ridden Devil's Island somewhere in the north near Beira, largely for political prisoners.

There is also, though, the undoubted fact that many thousands of Africans have been impressed and sent to the islands of São Thomé and Principé in the Gulf of Guinea on the West Coast from which it is said, no one returns. They go as forced labour, and not specifically for punitive reasons, but the presence of the islands acts as a firm deterrent.

One of the least pleasant aspects of the "policy of identity" is the system of forced labour on which the whole under-industrialized economy of Mozambique and Angola seems to rest. (This lack of industrialization, incidentally, is another main factor in preventing any emergent African nationalistic feeling. There is no factory-bred, aware working-class).

Forced labour falls into two categories. There is direct compulsion, which is tantamount to slavery, and there is the export of labour, which is probably the main industry of Mozambique and Angola.

Forced labour is founded on the pleasant theory that every able-bodied man must do six months work.

It follows, such is the logic of exploitation, that when, for example, a farmer wants labour he applies to the *Chefo do Posto* who, with the aid of tame headmen, rounds up the required number of labourers, usually from villages near by.

These workers are known as *contradados*. If after working for six months at more than 12 hours a day he is allowed to leave his job, he will be owed about £6. Out of this, about £4 is deducted for tax. If he dies before his term of work is over, his wages are taken by the State. (These figures are on the authority of Joaquim Sequeira Vas, who worked for seven years as an administrative officer in Mozambique).

The six-month term is, however, purely nominal, and the

er is often kept in these slave-like conditions for years. ese labour conscripts are also often used by local admin- ve officers to build roads in their territories, at similar , to improve the officers' standing with the central nment.

bribery encouraged by these transactions is a by-word. ere is a similar impressment of domestic servants, to do is called, with fine irony, *trabalho voluntario*—(voluntary). The employer deposits the necessary money with the istrator, and the worker, at most, is said to get an occasional ung at him.

e export of labour is more highly-developed and more able. This trade is a function of the State, but for every n recruited the agent receives a commission.

1928 an agreement was made between Mozambique and Africa for the recruitment of 100,000 workers a year for in the gold and coal mines of South Africa. A fee of 35s. ied for every worker recruited.

e workers are recruited for the islands of Sao Thome and ipé on a four-year basis. This is the type of export most ed by the impressed African.

ere are two practical consequences of this trade which are ed by the Portuguese administrator.

e first is that Portuguese territories—and, in particular, mbique—are being denuded of a very valuable commodity, r. Apart from the actual export, many Africans flee erritory to South Africa, where, and Mr. Eric Louw is right, the conditions are preferable.

ondly, punitive measures are difficult, for no one wants to up or to disable a valuable piece of property. Corporal nment is, therefore, applied with the greatest freedom, vithout recourse to the courts.

rse-whipping (*sova de cavalmarin*) is sometimes used, but by e commonest instrument is a sort of bastinado, an instrument ooks like a ping-pong bat with holes which raises painful rs but does not incapacitate the African for work. Although s said to be illegal it is used by the police almost as a matter urse.

thin this framework the lot of the white man is physically ortable, and he luxuriates in the high standard of living non to the pink pigmentocracy in Africa.

has, however, very little freedom of speech, no freedom to

criticize, and if he is at all hostile to the Salazar regime h
subject to persecution by the secret police.

The gulf left by 200 years of systematic and efficient oppress
by the Portuguese colonial power between him and the Afri
is so great that there seems little chance of bridging this gap
making any form of common democratic cause.

In any case, there seem to be very few indeed among the 48,
whites in Mozambique or the 78,826 in Angola who want
Life generally is pleasant and easy, there is practically no cult
or intellectual activity, and the relaxed sidewalk cafés,
climate and amiable social life are quite enough to sap
energies of the average *civilizada*.

The complete grip of the Roman Catholic Church on m
spheres of activity, too, is not a force which actively encour
ideas of emancipation from the Salazar hierarchy. For
Portuguese territories, as in Spain, there is no question but t
the Church looks after its elder children first.

There is little visible evidence of discrimination agai
Indians or mulattoes, but they are subject to subtle so
humiliations, and do not find it as easy to ascend the econo
hierarchy as do those of Portuguese stock.

There is, though, no evidence of political activity among th
not-quite first-class citizens.

The outlook, then, in Portuguese Africa is bleak. Throu
the factors analysed, the recent Accra Conference has m
little or no impression. The systematic and ruthless disregar
human values through two centuries has left a population
pressed and inarticulate, and with little prospect of findin
voice.

If the whispered-of *coup d'état* forces itself into reality in
foreseeable future—which seems only a remote possibility—
benefit to the African initially would probably be only slig

There is, undoubtedly, a subterranean struggle going on
Portugal, but many depths below those brave and articul
people there are the disregarded—the millions who live a
stratum we now rightly regard as less than human, and wh
chances of achieving full humanity are less, I think, than a
where else in Africa.

BULAWAYO DIARY

GERDA SIANN

Rhodesian representative of "Africa South"

LAWAYO is a large town by African standards (European pulation: 47,000; African: 94,000; Coloured and Asian: oo), but it has all the attributes of a provincial village. In trast to the fevered erratic boom-town of Salisbury, Bulawayo rs a life of measured complacency, being surrounded by a and exploitable labour supply which facilitates easy European ng. Nobody ever hurries here, and there is always time for interminable Rhodesian sundowner.

t lies in the scrubby uninteresting veld of South West odesia and is an important commercial junction with South ica, which supplies it not only with commercial goods but with political ideas. Dominated as it is by six great cooling vers, Bulawayo is hardly an attractive city, although it is ically- and well-planned on the American pattern, with tree- ed avenues and treeless streets intersecting in an unvaried ion. Rhodes showed unconscious foresight in stipulating t all Rhodesian streets should be wide enough to turn a span oxen in, and thus anachronistically solved the parking problem t so harasses other cities.

Bulawayo is an architectural curio shop; in the exclusive urb of Kumalo one can buy a pseudo-medieval castle or a glass led, Hollywood-styled villa complete with swimming pool, becue and all the accoutrements of the American way of life. e town itself can boast of only two skyscrapers, and the low nbling buildings—completely devoid of any individuality or erest—reflect the personalities of their designers, builders occupants.

\# \# \#

e insularity of Bulawayans is proverbial even in the Federation he whites here form a number of closed cliques, the nucleus rallying point of each being the accumulated gossip common all its members.

There is the cultural clique dominated by dramatic societies ich have, or so they appear to think, a monopoly of cultural owledge and creative ability in the town. In fact, the cultural ivities here are confined mainly to amateur dramatics of a good ool standard and occasional visits by celebrities—usually on

their way to the Falls. These clubs are not open to non-Europ
—in the most recent production, a group of non-Europ
who tried to book seats were categorically refused the privil
Of course a number of excuses were given, for in this cou
it is always the other fellow who minds—the City Cou
being the other fellow this time. This means that non-Europ
are unable to see any local talent—perhaps a blessing in disgu
In the case of visiting celebrities who play in the City Hall, n
Europeans may have an apartheid peep from two miserable r
in the darkest section of the hall at the back.

Territorial Election Day in Bulawayo was as dull as any o
week day. I have never yet heard politics discussed in bu
cafés and shops, as in South Africa. The standard of poli
meeting during the elections was uniformly low. Todd
outstanding among a colony of dull, mediocre and misinform
politicians. And no doubt that produced reason enough for
rejection, even if his point of view had not been considered
liberal for the forward-looking whites of Southern Rhod

As it turned out, the reactionary Dominion Party, with t
its eyes fixed on South Africa, gained 3 out of the city's 7 se
In the Federal elections, however, partly because the Un
Federal Party has been moving steadily right, partly beca
with the approach of the 1960 Constitutional Conference,
electorate felt itself safer in the hands of the more politic
experienced Welensky, the U.F.P. swept the Bulawayo bo

The "Bantu Mirror" is owned by African Newspapers an
policies are pro-Government. African Newspapers also
"The African Daily News". The only independent Afr
newspaper is "The Workers Voice", run by a level-headed
progressive trade union leader. Unfortunately it confines i
to trade union matters. There is a crying need for an inde
dent African daily or even weekly.

The resuscitated African National Congress has a st
Bulawayo branch led by Mr. Nkomo, the president. Des
the general white hostility to Congress, Nkomo is quite o
quoted by the press and has addressed a Rotary luncheon.

# # #

The political and economic need of the Bulawayo Africa
paralleled by his need for social amenities. Living condit
in what are euphemistically known as the "townships"
almost uniformly atrocious, though Dr. Ashton, Munic
Director of African Administration, is a great deal more lib

most of his counterparts throughout the Territory.
ne arid and over-populated townships like Mpopoma and the
ocations are breeding grounds of disease, ill serving the needs
ne 94,000 Bulawayo Africans. It would not be difficult to
ct a stranger there, because a thick pall of black smoke
s oppressively over these areas, shedding its grimy "fall-
" over the townships.
ne density of the townships—in a country where there is an
age of one person to two square miles—is so fantastic that it
be compared only to the most congested areas of South
Asia. The worst and largest of these black spots is the old
tion, which consists of a jumble of square brick hutments in
ous stages of decay. The denizens of these depressed areas
the industrial workers and the "boys" and nannies of the
e aristocracy. During the rainy season, the dust lanes which
e for streets become impassable mudbaths
ne moral fraud of the African Home Ownership scheme is
nd in its disregard of all decent norms only to the perpetration
Lobengula of Rhodes's "rat concession". The match-box
houses which are jerrybuilt and sub-economic in cost are
for at least twice over. An example is offered by Mpopoma
nship, where the houses were built at a cost of £330 each.
8s. 6d. a month covers services outside of electricity; and
minimum monthly re-payment—worked out on a 25 year
—is £2 2s. 9d. in redemption and interest at 6%, or over
o in all. When one considers that the minimum wage for
illed African labour is 30s. a week (plus £1 a month extra
ent), rising round 5s. a week at six-monthly intervals, the
nthropy of subsidized housing at 6% can perhaps be more
-bloodedly guaged.
ving for the Coloured is not so difficult. Barham Green, a
nship, the work of two neo-liberals, segregates the majority
oloured people from other non-Europeans, as well as from
Europeans. Drainage and road conditions are shocking
make it inaccessible during the rainy season, but there is
the inhuman squalor of the African areas.
The Coloured community", as it is labelled by the local
ologists, live as individuals and do not function, as the term
ld suggest, in a fixed racial pattern. They differ in interests
attitudes as much as the whites—in fact they are unified
by their lack of facilities. In conformity with Bulawayo
om, few rise to the distinction of a white-collar, but are

principally cabinet-makers, railway-workers and builders.

The Asians here are in the main economically secure. enjoy the great privilege of being allowed to live in two str in the western section of the city, and as a whole their standa living is high. It has been a great drawback that the si high school catering for Coloured and Asian "Founders" established only in 1952. Previously all high school educa had to be obtained in the Union of South Africa, which cluded Indians, or in India or England, the cost of which naturally prohibitive. There are few opportunities for fessional Asians to embark on successful careers, however example being the case of one Asian who, despite holding law degrees, is unable to find a European firm (and there ar others) to article him.

# # #

Inter-racial contact exists on three levels in Bulawayo. there is the crossing of the colour bar by people who are bo together by genuine friendship.

Then there is the inter-racial mixing dictated by intelli self-interest on the part of the whites, who realize that a st middle-class of "educated" (and not "extreme") non-wh will form a bastion against mob unrest and the finality of rev tion. Into this category fall the Inter-racial Association, Capricorn Africa Society and the Constitution Party. Som the white members are undoubtedly sincere and would welc the development of a non-racial society. But many too looking for a compromise that would allow the extensio rights to the reliable, while placing their own privileges up foundation less shaky than force. Government officials in Native Affairs Department are also found in these gro surely there with the idea of keeping an eye open for dan Of course, politics are not discussed at the Inter-racial Asso tion.

Ironically, the Inter-racial Association has its meetings in museum, and is, therefore, Government-sanctioned. It is fact the only organization that civil servants are able to join

A certain amount of good does, however, spring from Inter-racial Association. A night school is run for Afric staffed by voluntary teachers recruited from the Associati Incidentally this is the only secondary school for Africans in around Bulawayo! The school recently produced "Haml

The third level is the "Sunday Best" meeting. Some chur

attended by white and non-white together; though of se, during the busy weekdays, the Europeans usually forget reet their Christian brothers.

aturally there is a fourth level, but it is so much part of e colonization that one tends to forget it—or rather take it granted. It might be called "night mixing". Thus it is although stricter and more discriminatory legislation has ntly been passed against miscegenation, the Coloured munity grows largely through the willing help of the segrega- minded European.

lawayo is an outcrop of Paradise for the white urban worker. many settlers soon adopt the pattern of living of the enous white—it must be remembered that before a European igrant is selected for entry to the Federation, he is fairly tively screened for political creed and social outlook. ertheless, a few inflexible progressives have slipped through net, and most of them are deported without very much ado. he demands of the white Bulawayan are pretty uniform, a se, a garden, a motor-car, at least two good "boys" (one se—, one garden—), a beer in the evening and a sports- for the week-end. It is best not to probe too deeply into prohibitive cost of this in terms of human life and suffering.

Papas

PAN-AFRICANISM AT ACCRA

CATHERINE HOSKYNS
Our Special Correspondent at the Accra Conference

THE All African Peoples' Conference opened in Accra o blazing December day. The Freedom-and-Justice ar Nkrumah's bronze statue, the new fountain in the Kwa Nkrumah Circle, all gleamed in the sun. The famous Ad breakers beat up against Christiansborg Castle.

The Ambassador, Ghana's luxury hotel, was decked out v flags and coloured lights. The Arden Hall was set with benc and trestle tables. Over three hundred delegates from trade unions and political parties of twenty eight African count were expected. In Western suits, in shirt sleeves, in wh robes and beaded caps, they signed on at the Secretariat, recei their freedom badges and gathered on the terrace. It was a ti for putting faces to well-known names—Kojo Botsio, Hastings Banda, Tom Mboya, Michael Scott. Mrs. P Robeson apologised for the absence of her husband; D William du Bois brought the good wishes of hers. For som was the first visit to a non-colour-bar country. A So African ordered whisky with a flamboyant gesture.

The conference was planned last March by the African lead who gathered in Accra to celebrate Ghana Independence D Its purpose? To co-ordinate 'the African non-violent revo tion', to raise the morale of Africans from Cape to Cairo, and discuss the possibilities of federation.

By the week-end most of the delegates had arrived. Th fell into three categories—those from the independent countri those from predominantly African countries where independen is a matter of time and diplomacy, and those from countries s under settler or imperial domination.

Delegations from the independent countries came—on pap at any rate—as an expression of Nkrumah's dictum that t independence of any country is meaningless unless it is linked the total liberation of Africa. The U.A.R. delegation w strong (too strong some said). Its leader Fouad Galal, Vic President of the Egyptian National Assembly, a squat, power man with an impressive knowledge of African affairs, was eve where—consulting, interpreting. M. Slim, the Tunisian a bassador in London, advised tactfully on the administrative sid

wler-hatted and cigared, the Liberians preached caution in a ong American accent.

In the second group, the Nigerians were outstanding. Though ere was some rivalry between the representatives of the Nation- Council for Nigeria and the Cameroons and those of the Action oup, the calibre of the delegates was undeniable. They ere not only determined, they were also efficient. And the end they had taken over most of the secretarial work in e committees.

The conference came at an embarrassing time for French rica. The principal leaders and the principal parties had just d 'yes' to De Gaulle. They were unable, therefore, to take rt in the simple condemnation of imperialism. Houphouet- igny, the African leader from the Ivory Coast, is now a mem- r of the French cabinet. He dare not offend France. As a sult delegates from French Africa came mainly from the aller parties which campaigned for a 'no' vote. They were cal, but unrepresentative.

But the strongest, if the most unorthodox, delegations came om those countries still under settler domination. Three embers came from the Kenya Legislative Council—Tom boya, the trade unionist who was later made chairman of the nference, Dr. Gikonyo Kiano, a shrewd, humorous Kikuyu, d James Muimi, solid, charming, reliable. Dr. Hastings nda came from Nyasaland, Kaunda and Nkumbula from orthern Rhodesia, and Nkomo from Southern Rhodesia. rom South Africa came two rather conflicting delegations, one om the Liberal Party and one from the African National ongress. There were representatives from Algeria, the lgian Congo and from Angola. All of these were out to exert essure. Algeria asked for a Pan-African army, Kenya for a reedom Fund, South Africa for an economic blockade. "We o not want pious resolutions," they said, "we want action."

During the first few days it seemed that the conference might nd, not in an affirmation of African unity, but in an open split etween Cairo and Accra. Several things aggravated this. irst, the Middle East press claimed that the conference had eally been called by the Afro-Asian Solidarity Committee; econd, several Africans resident in Cairo came to the conference laiming to represent their own countries; and third, the lgerian and Egyptian delegates asked that the word 'non- iolent' should be erased from the agenda.

Nkrumah was clearly anxious that nothing should be said or resolved which would offend the United Nations, the Commonwealth or America. And, if it was, he wanted to be quite sure that the Ghana government was not implicated. During the first few days, Ghanaians leant over backwards to assure everyone that this was not a governmental conference and that when Nkrumah spoke, he did so as life chairman of the Convention People's Party and not as Prime Minister. But with the general acceptance of Tom Mboya as chairman and with a realisation of the harm an open split would do to the African cause, things simmered down and the final resolutions were unanimously accepted.

The opening session was on Monday. Accra's Community Centre, a white painted building overlooking the sea, was hung with flags and banners. Across the roof was written 'Forward to Independence, Now' and inside 'Hands Off Africa! Africa Must Be Free.' Ghanaians lined the route with placards—'Africa One Voice', 'La Lutte Continue', 'Down With Chiefs'.

Nkrumah's speech was proud, reasoned, calm. He condemned all forms of imperialism, called for the emergence of a new Africa, united and free, and promised that he would support non-violent action in all parts of the continent. His advice to delegates was: 'Seek ye first the political kingdom and all else shall be added unto you.' His only controversial remark came right at the end. "Do not let us forget," he said, "that colonialism and imperialism may come to us yet in a different guise, not necessarily from Europe."

In the afternoon, committees were set up to discuss imperialism and colonialism, racial discrimination, tribalism, federation and the possibility of establishing a permanent secretariat. These were to meet in private session in the afternoons.

In the mornings, heads of delegations addressed the conference. These speeches ranged from the hysterical to the moving, from the practical to the comic. Most impressive of all was the address of the Angola delegate—read by the chairman lest the Portuguese should take reprisals on his family. "The Portuguese," he wrote, "have declared their intention of ruling us in exactly this way for ever. Angolans work 14 hours a day, seven days a week. There are 68 African children in secondary school. Now I am here I can never go back." He was followed by an Algerian—thin, fanatical, intelligent. "If Africa is to be free," he said, "we cannot beg, we must tear

way by force." Later in the morning Ezekiel Mphahlele, the South African writer, spoke. He described, simply and graphically, the conditions under which the Africans in South Africa live. "I come here," he ended, "in the faith that when the time comes we shall have the support of every country and of every African on the continent." If they served no other purpose, these speeches gave West Africa an eye-witness account of what settler domination can mean, and many delegates were thoughtful when they left the hall.

The committees almost immediately ran into difficulties. Each consisted of more than fifty people and had to be conducted in French and English. There were no proper interpreters, and few people had any idea of committee work. It was here that the Nigerians showed their quality. They submitted neat memoranda on every topic, and time and again cut down the argument and insisted that practical rather than inflamatory resolutions should be discussed.

Rumours filtered through. The violence issue was causing trouble again. The Algerians were insisting on a Pan-African army. In the fourth committee, there was criticism of the way Nkrumah had managed the Ghana-Guinea union. Led by the Nigerians, West African leaders asked that he consult them all before framing the constitution. They resented his assumption that other countries, as they became independent, would automatically 'adhere' to Ghana and Guinea.

But by the closing session all the difficulties had been removed, and the resolutions were unanimously accepted. There was some doubt as to whether the right copies had been circulated to the press, but the main lines were clear. A Permanent Secretariat was to be set up in Accra and a full-time Secretary-General appointed. A Freedom Fund was to be established to receive money from governments and organisations within Africa and from those organisations outside Africa which had the approval of the Steering Committee. The Steering Committee was to meet every six months; the full conference once a year.

The violence issue was neatly decided to the satisfaction of Nkrumah, Fouad Galal and the Algerians. The resolution read: "That this conference declares its full support to all fighters for freedom in Africa, to all those who resort to peaceful means of non-violence and civil disobedience, as well as to all those who are compelled to retaliate against violence to attain national independence and freedom for the people. Where such

retaliation becomes necessary, the conference condemns all legislation which treats those who fight for their independence and freedom as ordinary criminals."

Concrete proposals were that the independent countries at government level, and the other countries at a personal level, should institute an immediate boycott of South African goods; that a human rights committee should be set up to investigate complaints from any African country, whether dependent or independent; and that an African Legion should be set up "to protect the freedom of the African peoples" (no further gloss or comment was given on this).

In conclusion Nkrumah spoke. He seemed easier and more fluent. He stressed the need for Africans to think not only of freedom but also of unity, and he urged all countries—whether independent or on the verge of independence—to consider the values of federation. "The scales have fallen from our eyes," he ended. "We have got a clear vision of the future. We shall, from now on, march forward in solid phalanx, united in the spirit of brotherhood and solidarity, so formidable in our strength that all the forces ranged against us shall not prevail." He was thunderously cheered.

The delegates returned home; the Steering Committee persevered for a few days longer. In the end they postponed the appointment of the Secretary-General and agreed to meet again in June. The flags drooped; the terraces were empty.

What did the conference achieve? Perhaps on paper not very much, but a begining has been made. The way is open for more detailed discussion on specific topics, and there is now an official organisation through which one African country can communicate with another. Morale has undoubtedly been raised; South Africa has met Algeria.

But much organisation is needed. The success of Pan-Africanism will depend to a large extent on the ability and imagination of those permanently in Accra. George Padmore is not enough. There are already too few African administrators. Can anyone of the right kind be spared for the job of Secretary-General? Much depends on the answer to this question. The real gains made by this conference still have to be capitalised.

FRENCH WEST AFRICA: THE BACKGROUND

BASIL DAVIDSON

How many English-speaking people who are involved or interested in African affairs know anything of French-speaking Africa? The number must be small: considering the shift and drama of the French-speaking African scene, astonishingly small. Guinea, for most of us, will have joined the family of independent nations from a void of outer darkness. Where is Dahomey? Where is the Gaboon? If their very existence is less of a geographical legend than Timbuktu, it is only because we have seldom heard even so much as their names. Those wide spaces on the map of Africa—French West and Equatorial Africa—must have populations and therefore politics: not many English-speaking people, whether in Africa or elsewhere, could say, perhaps, much more of them than that.

And yet the shift and the drama in French-speaking Africa have lately been, and still are, as manifest and militant as anywhere else on the Continent. Apart from the 13 million people of the Belgian Congo, who must also be said to form part of "French-speaking Africa" (while allowing for a curious Belgian aberration in attempting to teach them Flemish as well), these peoples number more than twice as many as the peoples of the Union of South Africa; and all of them, diverse though they are, now move strongly and even rapidly towards self-government and equality of rights. Though less numerous than the peoples of Nigeria and Ghana (who number together about 39 millions), their achievements cannot be said to be any less important in demonstrating an African will to independence. In 1957, for example, some 4,700,000 people in French West Africa voted for territorial assemblies endowed with many of the attributes of self-government (as well as for deputies elected on a basis of equality of rights to the National Assembly in Paris). A year later one of their leaders, Gabriel d'Arboussier, could claim that imminent emergence of these territories as "fully sovereign and self-governing countries" ought to be regarded as "among the grand achievements of modern Africa". Then a few months after that, and following the same line of thought and intention, Prime Minister Sekou Touré proclaimed the independence of Guinea; and recently, in December, 1958, Senegal declared

itself a republic within the "French Community", and so did the Soudan, and so did the Gaboon, while others follow in their wake. On top of this, both French-speaking "trusteeship territories" in West Africa, Togoland and Cameroun, are due for independence in 1960.

Does this mean that huge colonial units are now beginning to disintegrate, with independence, into a patchwork of little nation-states? Both to offer an answer to that vitally interesting question, and to provide a sample of the quality of thought and utterance among leaders of opinion in this "other West Africa" I should like to preface what follows by quoting from a recent declaration of M. d'Arboussier to the United Press agency. He was speaking of the need for unity among the diverse peoples of "French formation", but his remarks have wider application. I know of no other African politician who has put the matter so clearly and so well. Worth noting also is the date of these remarks—May 1958, or long before the dramatic events of last autumn.

"The time of small and jealous nationalisms", remarked d'Arboussier, "is past and done with. We Africans may have come late to the family of modern peoples. We have suffered for it. We are still suffering for it. But perhaps we have learned some useful lessons from seeing what others have done and not done. I think that most of us would like to spare our countries the misery of small-minded nationalism—just as we should like to spare them the misery of an economic anarchy that is without planning or subordination to the common good."

Born in Djenné, a city of some eight hundred years of learning and literate tradition, d'Arboussier likes to draw historical parallels. "African history," he opinioned on this occasion, "has so often been the history of large units. All the great African states of our past were large or very large, and included many peoples. This was true of Mali as of Songhay, great West African states of the Middle Ages; and of others on the Continent. But what the organisers of those old feudal states did by conquest, we in our day will do by federalism and by free consent.

"So we see French West Africa surmounting both colonialism and its own petty loyalties of tribalism, and emerging as a great and sovereign federation—just as we see French Equatorial Africa emerging as another. I go much further than that. My own deep hope is that we are moving towards the federal unity

the whole of West Africa—whether French or British or er.

'I am willing to forecast that within ten years from now we ll have come together to found a great new federal state, ngual in French and English, that will include Ghana and geria as well as our own West Africa. Not a unitary state, understand, but a federation of federations—a loosely anised but highly progressive and modern association of y or sixty million African people."

These reflections, it seems to me, could hardly be improved on as an introduction to French-speaking African politics at start of 1959: not, of course, because every French-speaking rican politician agrees with d'Arboussier (though most of m do), but because the underlying trends and ideas and hopes t move these peoples and their parties, and give them ving power, are all expressed in what he said. The future y not turn out just like that: but *that* is how the future ought be. That is how most Africans in these territories want it to . Not the petty sovereignties of nationalist Europe—not Balkanisation". Not the weary waste of strife into which the anish American republics, seizing their freedom, immediately l—not "South-Americanisation". On the contrary: a leral unity across frontiers whether tribal or colonial—the sort unity which, without repressing differences, will accentuate nilarities. The sort of unity, in brief, which will give fragented peoples who are otherwise poor and weak and far from e main lines of thought and movement in the modern world chance to share, to share on terms of equality of right, in the iumphs and advances of the nuclear age. Is it asking too much?

# # #

Such unity must seem, on the mere face of it, hard to imagine d harder still to obtain.

In the seven million square kilometres of West and Equatorial frica (excluding Cameroun and Togoland), there dwell some million people: a thin population thinly scattered, but for a w big cities and close-packed rural areas, throughout a vast nd of great diversity of climate, vegetation, soil, water supply, d natural wealth. Along the arc of this tremendous rainbow peoples—with its southern tip at Brazzaville on the Congo ver and its western tip in the Atlantic at Dakar—there are ans and tribes and nations of an almost bewildering variety of nguage, culture, historical experience, habits, means of

livelihood. There are peoples who are as technologically primitive as some of those who live in the forests of the Congo and peoples who are as technologically advanced as some of those who live in Dakar, Abidjan, Bamako, Niamey, Conakry. There are men of learning and of long literary tradition (as, for example, the intelligentsia of Gao or Djenné) and men of none (as, for example, the greater part of the population of Equatorial almost as sadly deprived of schools as Angola or Mozambique). Peoples of the tropical forest: food-collectors, hunters, fishermen, farmers. Peoples of the shelterless savannahs of the north herdsmen, nomads, itinerant traders.

In medieval times, as d'Arboussier observed in his declaration to the United Press, the lands between the northern limit of the tropical forest and the southern limit of the Sahara Desert—the broad belt of savannah which the Arabs called Bilad-es-Sudan the Land of the Blacks—were often unified by strong conquerors. At its apogee about 1350 A.D., the Mandingo empire of Mali was paramount from the Atlantic to Lake Chad; and the empire of the Songhay, a hundred and fifty years later, was not much narrower. Yet it remained for European colonialism to place a single rule over the forest as well as the savannah; and thus to give an administrative unity to the whole of West Africa but for the British morsels—some of these, however, very big morsels—and such other non-French ruled countries as Liberia and Portuguese Guinea.

This administrative framework imposed by the French gave rise, as time went on, to twelve distinct territories that were grouped together into two main areas of administrative authority, each with a Governor-General—respectively French West and French Equatorial; and to these, for practical purposes, the two former German colonies of Togo and Kamerun (each divided, in 1918, between France and Britain) were added, initially as League mandates and afterwards as UN trusteeships. And thus it may be seen that the consequences of French imperialism in most of West Africa have been of the same unifying order as were those of British rule in most of India.

A few facts and figures may be useful. They should be read against a background of the all-important fact that these countries are contiguous. They lie together on the map.

		People
West	Dahomey	1,614,000
	Guinea	2,505,000

	Soudan	3,642,000
	Ivory Coast	2,481,000
	Mauritania	615,000
	Niger	2,334,000
	Senegal	2,214,000
	Upper Volta ..	3,324,000
	Total ..	18,729,000
uatorial	Gaboon	392,000
	Middle Congo ..	733,000
	Ubangi Shari	1,103,000
	Chad	2,452,000
	Total	4,680,000

hese population figures, UN estimates of several years ago, lerstate the actual numbers of today. With Cameroun and go, there should be some thirty millions in French-speaking ica south of the Sahara.

\# \# \#

or rather more than fifty years, accordingly, the greater part this piece of Africa has undergone centralised rule. But it also undergone—what may be even more important—*direct* e. There is a big point to be made here. Consider, for mple, the contrasts today between (French) Niger and itish) Northern Nigeria, where government has been by *irect* rule. Both territories, or the larger part of them, l had in the past a common language (Hausa), a common tory, a common trading system. But whereas the British ce 1900 have conserved the strong Emirate system which they nquered—using those tough old feudal potentates as their truments for indirect rule, and thus leaving the political uation much the same as they found it—the French have posed their rule directly on the mass of their colonial subjects. The French, in short, have destroyed "their" Emirs and thus ared a way for the party-parliamentary system which now ists in French Niger, but is very far from existing, except in me and ceremony and in two or three of the big towns, in rthern Nigeria. Politically, the one territory is far advanced: e other is in the Middle Ages. Understandably enough, se in power in the two territories want very different things: st politicians in Niger want independence within a federal

unity with neighbouring peoples; but most politicians i Northern Nigeria would prefer continued dependence, if the could choose it, to an independence which must increasingl open their country to influences that are disruptive of Emirat dictatorship.

Not that all chiefly hierarchies have disappeared from Frenc speaking Africa. Many remain. Some are of ancient lineage A few conserve their popularity and power. And across th whole reach of their empire the French have also created a class or rather a caste, of "nominated chiefs": men raised to chief rank for the purposes of more or less direct rule, paid by goverr ment, maintained as puppets, and rightly regarded in th popular eye as "men belonging to the French". Before th latest elections in the Niger, for instance, it was widely su pected that the French meant to "organise" an elected majorit composed precisely of these nominated chiefs who, "belongin to the French", would then connive in an undoubted Frenc ambition of turning the Niger into an "overseas department of France itself, and thus of extending southward the area metropolitan rule which already exists in the two "depar ments" of the Sahara. And it was only because Sekou Tou and his party in Guinea had carefully removed from office a such men "belonging to the French" that they were able, las autumn, to be sure of a negative vote in the Gaullist referendu —and thus obtain their independence.

Yet when due and proper allowance is made for the influenc of these chiefs "belonging to the French", it remains true tha direct rule in French Africa has undermined much of the trib and traditional separatism and parish-pumpism that still bedevi British-speaking West Africa. It may be relatively easier fo French-speaking Africans to achieve a federal unity amon themselves since their territories march with one another, an since they have long known centralised rule: over and beyon that, though, they have the advantage of this levelling proce of French imperialism.

# # #

Another large difference has separated the French from th British approach; and reacted accordingly on African response

The liberal face of British imperial rule, at least in non settler colonies, has always looked toward the eventual creatio of independent nation-states, "daughters of the Commo wealth" but not otherwise integrated with the Mother Countr

idea has been, as it were, to sponsor suburban off-prints of Metropolis (Wimbledon rather than Whitechapel, of course) mplete with flags and anthems, wigs and gowns and as much ossible of the muffled old mumbo-jumbo of Westminsterial cedure: parliaments and proper hierarchies and establishts of power ascending, step by step, to the lofty summits of ystical Crown: and, underlying all these, distinctive *onality*. But the liberal face of French colonial rule has ked for something entirely different: for the liberal face rench colonial rule is the face of Marianne, daughter of the olution and mother of the Rights of Man, recognising no alist or nationalist barriers and gradations but proclaiming great message of equality, liberty, and fraternity from a th marked *citizenship*.

Now we are not concerned, here, with the gulf between mise and fulfilment, which is, of course, often a wide one: point of interest is that whereas British rule has evoked, by ction, a demand for equality of nationality, of nationhood, nch rule has generally given rise to a demand for equality of zenship, of individual rights. It has seemed obvious and vitable that British colonies in West Africa should turn mselves into new African nations (even when, as with Ghana, y are composed of widely various peoples). But in French st and Equatorial, at any rate by the beginning of 1959, it has appeared to seem obvious or inevitable to any significant ly of opinion that African destinies can be fulfilled only by an anic and nationalist separation from France. On the contry, one finds rather the reverse of this opinion—that Frenchaking Africa would gain rather than lose by continued associan, even close association, not only among its constituent parts also with a France which should pledge itself to a genuine uality of rights, to a genuine equality of citizenship within a rench Community''. And so, although honoured in the each rather than in the fulfilment, this grand old Jacobin dition of the French has also played its part in moving these oples towards a federalist future.

The position at the moment is that there are two significant ties, or rather federations of parties, in the eleven territories West and Equatorial (Guinea having seceded). The more tensive and influential of these has been, and probably still is, *Rassemblement Démocratique Africaine* (R.D.A.); while the ond, a much newer grouping of territorial parties, is the

Parti du Regroupement Africain (P.R.A.). Their opposition
one another consists neither in ideology nor conflict of aim, b
partly in a clash of personalities and partly in a difference of vie
about tactics. Both want independence, and both want it
soon as they can get it: old-style conservatives, socialists, nea
Communists, straightforward "nationalists without label" ma
be found in both of them. Europeans in West and Equatori
belong to both parties, and may also be found in territori
governments formed by one or other of them. Even after i
break with France, Guinea's R.D.A. government still retain
Frenchmen (though not official Frenchmen) in its cabinet; an
I believe, while writing this, that they are still there.

But for Houphouet-Boigny, R.D.A. leader in the Ivory Coa
and an ardent advocate of "territorial sovereignty" *witho*
close federation, all the important leaders in French We
desire a federated unity, and see in that an essential condition
further progress; and the position is much the same, thoug
less clearly defined, in Equatorial. Ideally, they would like
have two large federations, West and Equatorial, which would
joined together in turn by federal links and joined, as a co
federation, to France itself—though with equality of right
Whether they can reasonably hope for this, with politics i
France now turned resolutely rightward, is of course anothe
matter.

At the outset of 1959 two immediate issues dominated th
minds of all these African leaders. The first was whether th
newly-elected National Assembly of France, by any standards th
most right-wing assembly since the foundation of the Thir
Republic in 1871, could possibly be expected to have the imagina
tion, intelligence, and sense of reality to preside over a "Frenc
Community" within which all constituent parts would have
genuine equality of rights; and, if not, what to do about i
The second issue was whether the "federalists" in Africa woul
succeed in triumphing once and for all over the "separatists."

On the second issue the answer seemed already clear enough
Even Houphouet-Boigny was feeling obliged, by the end of 195
to make "federalist noises"; and his control of the R.D.A
seemed on the wane. A better measure of the way things wer
really going, though, was provided by a clause written in the ne
constitution of independent Guinea—a clause that was forth
with copied into the new constitution of the republic of Seneg
and, apparently, into that of the republic of Soudan as wel

his clause says more for the reality of French-speaking can aspirations to a common future, to a broadly shaped and ralist future, than whole pages of exegesis. "The Republic," lares article 34 of section 8 of the Constitution of Guinea, ay conclude agreements for association or community with any can state, going as far as partial or total abandonment of ereignty, in order to realise the unity of Africa". Agree-nts for union with Ghana, that is: but also with Senegal and dan and Upper Volta and any others who may be willing. l the Government of Senegal which copied that clause into own constitution is, we may note, a P.R.A. government; le the Government of Guinea, when it drafted that clause, an R.D.A. government. The trend toward unity, it seems, ne trend which carries the day.

ut on the other issue—the issue of whether or not this new nch Assembly can possibly be expected to think in terms of uine partnership and equality of rights with ex-colonial ples—all is obscurity and doubt. For this Assembly is thing but a revolutionary and enlightened body, even in the bbin sense of 1789: in that sense, indeed, it is a most reac-nary and counter-revolutionary assembly. If its effective ver in French Africa is nothing like the power of its prede-sors, it is still considerable: large enough, in any case, to cause ch damage and provoke delay, and ambitious enough, perhaps, ry to put the clock back even at this late hour in the day of ependence. It seems unlikely, even very unlikely, that the m fate of Indo-China and Algeria can still be visited on French st and Equatorial: yet one has to admit, in face of this embly, that the thing is still possible. The questions for 59 therefore seem to be: What will this Assembly try to do un-do in French Africa; and how will French-speaking icans face up to their new situation?

(To be continued)

NIGERIA: THE BACKGROUND TO FEDERATION

L. K. JAKANDE

Editor-in-Chief, Amalgamated Group of Newspapers, Nigeria

LEADERS of political parties who held a Constitutional Co
ference with the Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lond
last autumn, naturally had many things to quarrel about—bo
among themselves and with the British Government. B
these did not include the form of government Nigeria shou
have before and after independence. All the delegates we
agreed that a federal form would be the best for the countr

This has not always been so. In 1953, for instance, when t
first Conference was held in London, the three major parti
in the country took three different and irreconcilable position
The Northern People's Congress, the ruling party in Northe
Nigeria, presented an eight-point programme for a Custo
Union between Northern and Southern Nigeria. The Natio
Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons, which governs t
Eastern Region, advocated a closely-knit unitary constitutio
And midway between the two extremes, the Action Group, t
party of Chief Obafemi Awolowo, Premier of the Weste
Region, stuck to its declared policy of federalism. The Co
ference, however, finally agreed upon the structure and fram
work of Nigeria's Constitution, so that, when it ended, D
Nnamdi Azikiwe, N.C.N.C. leader of the advocates of unitaris
was in a position to announce at a Press Conference in Lond
that "federalism is imperative".

But why is federalism imperative? Nigeria, with an area
372,000 square miles, is more than four times the size of Gre
Britain, larger than Uganda and Kenya together, and nearly
large as the Union of South Africa. The last census, taken
1952/53, put the population at 31,170,000; but the late
estimate is 35,000,000, which is greater than the combin
populations of three other Federations in the British Commo
wealth of Nations—Canada, Australia and Malaya—or those
South Africa, Uganda and Kenya together.

On the basis of size and population alone, therefore, it wou
be difficult to administer Nigeria as one single unitary stat
And if it were attempted, the result would probably be a
ministrative inefficiency. This inefficiency might not alwa

been noticeable in the days of absolute colonial rule, when Governor was the repository of all executive, judicial and lative powers. But it was reflected in the slow rate of ress in Nigeria as a whole and in the extent to which the try was unevenly developed. Were size and population only problems, however, it would have been a relatively matter, and we should not have had to hold five Constitu-l Conferences in Lagos and London between 1953 and 1958. and population are complicated the more by the large ber of nations that make up the country, and by the great rsity that exists among these nations in culture, language and oms. It has been estimated that there are at least 200 ethnic ps in Nigeria, each with its own distinct culture, language customs. These are often referred to as tribes, but each of h has, in fact, all the characteristics of a nation. Of the 200, e are nine principal ones with substantial populations: Hausas—5,600,000; the Ibos—5,500,000; the Yorubas—0,000; the Fulanis—3,100,000; the Kanuris—800,000; bibios—800,000; the Tivs—800,000 ; the Edos—500,000; the Nupes—400,000. In addition to these, there are 0,000 other people belonging to smaller but distinct istic groups. The existence of so many ethnic groups with ly as many cultures, customs and languages, compels a form overnment which will guarantee to each group the protection s own way of life in what is, in reality, a union of nations. e not authorities on federalism told us that where there is diversity of language and custom, there is always a strong ency on the part of each group to want to preserve its own itions? And can any system of government common to all to recognize this fact?

he case for federalism, strong enough on the foregoing ence, is reinforced by the fact that the concept of Nigeria as country is a comparatively recent one. The boundaries of territory now known as Nigeria were drawn as recently as 7. That was seven years after the Constitution of Australia promulgated, and three years before the South Africa Act. even at that time Nigeria was not regarded or administered ne country. It was not until seven years later, at the begin- of the first World War in 1914, that the country was ught under one British administration. Before that date, the ethnic groups had nothing in common with one another. even after the amalgamation, a vast section of the popula-

tion, the Northern Region, was not represented in the Legislati Council of the country, largely nominated though it was. was only in 1947 that legislators from all over the country beg to work together in one legislature; so that the forging of Nigerian nationality and citizenship—indeed the building of or nation out of some 200 by the people's own representatives is scarcely eleven years old.

All of these factors are admittedly formidable, but they do n prevent the achievement of the goal which all Nigerians ha set themselves—the emergence of a united and independe Nigeria into the community of free nations. They only expla the background to federation and they supply the reason why unitary constitution is simply impracticable. For only a feder constitution can at once recognize all these centrifugal forces a keep the country united when the British cement shall ha disintegrated. This was the reasoning behind the decision of t 1953 Constitutional Conference to establish a federal form government.

We now have three regional governments and one federal- besides the Southern Cameroons under United Nations Truste ship—and the federal capital of Lagos administered as a feder territory by the federal government. As in Australia and th United States, specific powers are given to the federal gover ment and the residual powers are vested in the regions. There also a list of concurrent subjects on which both regional a federal governments may legislate; but in the event of inconsi tency between federal and regional laws, the latter will be vo to the extent of that inconsistency. It is probable that mo states will be carved out of the present regions, either before after independence. For there is already an irresistible dema by a number of ethnic groups for separate states of their ow within the federation. And this demand has to be met soon or later.

Nigeria is in a hurry. Although the country began as a Britis creation—a mere geographical expression, as most of the pr ducts of the European scramble for Africa were—Nigeria leaders are proud to belong and are unanimous that, in spite obvious difficulties, there shall be no partition after indepe dence. They are conscious of the unique status awaiting Niger as the largest African state in the world, and they will do nothi to derogate from that status. That was why they congregated i London for the third time last autumn to seek solutions to so

f the thorniest problems that could beset any young nation.

The solutions they worked out were not taken straight from he text-book. Indeed, a good many have no parallel in any ther federation. For instance, the organization of the police. he Conference decided that there should be one single police orce, which would belong not to any one government, but to ll the governments in the federation. In other federations, ach state government has its own police force, and the federal overnment may or may not possess another. But Nigeria will e different: our police force will be controlled, after this year's lections, by a Police Council presided over by the Federal rime Minister, and consisting of the Premiers of the States and he Chairman of the Police Service Commission. The Council ill be fully responsible for the provision, maintenance and dministration of the police force, while the Police Service ommission, an independent organization, will deal with staff natters. The decisions of the Police Council shall be final, but he federal government, because it is ultimately responsible for he maintenance of law and order, may overrule the Council—hough there is a proviso that, in such event, the Prime Minister nust make a public statement in the federal legislature, giving is reasons for disagreeing with the Council. No one expects hat this will be an easy system to work. But it is an experiment vhich may yet serve as a useful precedent for other countries vith problems similar to our own.

Most sections of political opinion in the country are generally atisfied that the best solutions possible have been found to our present problems and that all is now set for complete indepen-lence. The date—the target date fixed unanimously by Nigerian eaders—is April 2nd, 1960. The British Government has not as yet committed itself very firmly to this date. This is perhaps because elections are probably due in Britain this year, and the Conservative Government may not want to commit the future British administration. In addition, Nigeria is also going to the polls this year, to install its first fully democratically-elected federal legislature: and Britain may prefer to await the result of that election as she did with Ghana. In any case, it is certain that the first task of the new Nigerian Government will be to negiotiate with the British Government for independence on the target date. If present trends are anything to go by, there is no reason to fear that the new British Government—be it Labour or Conservative—will hesitate to surrender power.

THE GHANA GOVERNMENT

DENNIS AUSTIN
Tutorial Advisor, Dept. of Extra-mural Studies, University College of Ghana.

When the Gold Coast became independent in March 1957, it was under a pattern of government modelled on British practice—a constitutional sovereign, a Westminster-style parliament, a two-party system (at constituency level and in the national assembly), an anonymous public service and an independent judiciary. How firmly established was this modern apparatus of government at the time of independence, and how effective has it proved to be during the past two years?

Colonial legislative and executive councils existed in the Gold Coast for over a century; African government from time immemorial. Mr. Martin Wight (in 1946) traced the origins of the legislative council in the Gold Coast back to 1850 and found that, from a very early time, there were African representatives who took part in its meetings. Wight also thought, at the time of writing, that there was "no intrinsic disharmony between the indigenous institutions of the Gold Coast and the imported Western representative system"—a judgment which the Coussey Committee accepted as being still valid in 1949. When, in the same year, the Convention People's Party under Dr. Nkrumah began to show the strength of popular feeling that existed outside (and often against) the system of Native Authorities, different arguments were used to link the present Ghana government with its Gold Coast past. Mr. Apter, for example, has written quite a lot (in terms not always easy to understand) about the 'secularisation' of traditional institutions, and the 'bestowal of legitimacy' on modern forms of government; and these processes he explains, not by the development of early legislative councils, but by the magic of Nkrumah's person and leadership.

Yet it is difficult to see government in Ghana in 1959 as being in any direct line of succession to earlier forms, to see any organic connection between the legislative councils of 1850 to 1950 and the party dominated assembly which replaced them. To read the debates of the 1925-'50 legislative councils, and then to watch the Ghana parliament at work, is to measure the distance travelled by the country during the riots and disturbances of 1948-'50. And to explain the rise of the CPP in terms of Nkrumah's "personal charisma" acting as a "primary functional

ehicle of institutionalisation'' hardly does justice to the party's owers of organisation or its ability to adapt itself so rapidly om being a nationalist movement in opposition to the sober sks of a party government in power. In terms of practical pport at the polls, for example, the CPP had to fight for its ctories: they did not come by the magic of charisma:

	CPP Votes	Seats	Non-CPP Votes	Seats
1954	391,817	68	314,903	33
1956	398,141	66	299,116	33

(Note: there were three unopposed (CPP) seats in 1954, five in 1956.)

The fact is that there was a sharp break in Gold Coast political evelopment as a result of the 1948 riots. Even at the time, it as clear that the violence of the trade boycott, and the mass emonstrations in many of the southern towns, were of a different rder from the kind of discontent expressed before the war by atepayers' Associations, farmers' councils and youth conrences. The riots, which pointed the way *via* the Watson ommission and the Coussey Committee to the declaration of ositive Action in January 1950, marked the beginnings of mass arty organisation, held together by a network of local branches, ith a nationally directed policy and a broad emotional appeal. n previous years, agitation had been conducted against particular buses, to remedy specific grievances: after 1948, the colonial ystem itself was condemned in general terms. When the CPP as formed in 1949 it did not campaign for constitutional reform ut 'freedom'. And because British officials, chiefs and the omewhat dated 'intelligentsia' had been closely associated on the ld legislative councils, the party was suspicious of the effectiveess of constitutional action. Its leaders had to justify, to the rowing mass of its followers, their decision to contest elections o be held under the Coussey constitution—which Nkrumah had lready labelled as being ''bogus and fraudulent''. ''To remain ny longer merely as agitators from the platform'', said the party's lection manifesto, ''would spell national disaster . . . Our ntry into the Assembly in full strength will open up better pportunities to struggle for immediate self-government.''

The Coussey constitution did not look a very attractive proposition, especially after the legislative council and the United Kingdom government had added their amendments. (The party's newspaper, *The Accra Evening News*, called it a ''toothless gift horse.'') Nor did it look like being an effective instrument

of modern government. For the members of the Coussey Committee had made what proved to be a last attempt to combine Native Authority institutions with (now) a quasi-cabinet system of government. With the entry of the CPP, however, into political life, and in 'full strength' in the new Assembly, the Coussey constitution was turned upside-down. Designed to meet the requirements of a pre-party age, it became a weapon of party use. Despite the political immaturity of the party (none of its leaders or parliamentary rank-and-file had had any previous 'training' on the old legislative council), despite its difficult minority position in the Assembly (where until 1954 representatives of semi-traditional councils *plus* European officials and 'special members' outnumbered party supporters), despite, too, the obligation to respect the conventions of a two-party system where no national party opposition existed—the CPP was able to use the clumsy assembly machinery of the Coussey constitution to advance its own programme of 'immediate self-government'.

Then, early in 1954, troubles multiplied. As the probability of independence became more certain, claims were revived by displaced although still powerful traditional leaders, in alliance with regional *cum* tribal groups, to their own share of 'self-government'. Both in the elections of 1954, however, and in those of 1956, the CPP was given a strong mandate for its policy of a strong centralised unitary government. And, by 1957, a modern (British-patterned) parliamentary system was in full operation. But it was as unlike the advisory colonial councils which had existed hitherto, as the CPP, with its disciplined central committee, its rough and tough organisers and nationalist mass following, was unlike the earlier political congresses and debating clubs.

It is against this background that government in Ghana in 1959 should be seen, with the conventions and machinery of British government having been accepted 'on approval', not as the end-product of a long process of constitutional evolution. How, then, have they stood the test of use during the past two years?

It seems clear that parliament itself has come to stay. At the very least it is useful as an instrument of party control at national and constituency levels (through the prestige and salaries it gives its members) and as a convenient forum in which to explain party policy. But a party which has always valued

ficient organisation was quick, too, to grasp the effectiveness f action through parliament. It is interesting to see how adily the CPP adopted the technique of the special select mmittee, and the government-appointed commission of nquiry, as a basis for radical legislation. In this way, parlia- ent is probably as useful to the CPP as it was to the Tudors. s representatives keep the government informed about what is appening in the country, and its legislative powers are used as a nal weapon of authority against the government's opponents— gainst the private wealth and privileges of monasteries in udor England, and local chiefdoms in Ghana. "The function f parliamentary democracy under universal franchise, historic- lly considered, is to expose wealth to the attack of the people. is a sword pointed at the heart of the property owner."* n Ghana, it has been made a sword pointed especially at the chief nd tradition—where tradition is a rival to the authority of overnment; and parliament itself has been made an instrument or the transfer not of wealth or property, but power from the hief to the party.

Where is the basis, then, for a two party system? There were ix or seven party groups at independence although, in practice, n each region there was usually a straightforward rivalry between he CPP and allied non-CPP supporters. At the end of 1957, he government forced the latter—a loose association of regional, onfessional (Moslem), and neo-tribal groupings to amalgamate, y the passage of the 'Avoidance of Discrimination Act' which made it illegal for such sectional parties to exist. The act followed the sudden Ga protest movement in Accra (the *Ga Shifimo Kpee*), and when the National Liberation Movement was still quite powerful in Ashanti. During 1955/56, and up to he eve of independence, the N.L.M.—with its allies, the North- ern People's Party, the Togoland Congress and the Moslem Association Party—threatened the whole structure of govern- ment by a refusal to accept the national assembly in Accra as the final arbiter of who should govern the country. And in the months following independence the CPP struck out, more ruthlessly than most observers expected, at every attempt to weaken the authority of the central government. One may note here—ignored by critics of the government's actions— that in order to be a parliamentary democracy, and to run a democratic parliamentary system, it is necessary first to be a

*Aneurin Bevan's '*In Place of Fear*' Page 6

nation. And the CPP understood this difficulty the more easily perhaps in that, other than the large overseas trading companies and the various church organisations, the party was the only effective association of a national character in the country.

One of the problems, therefore, which should be noted since independence, is that of finding a legitimate stand for the opposition—including opposition to the steady monopolising of all authority by the party in power. However difficult it may be to undertake from scratch the task of running a parliamentary machinery of government, it is less than that of learning and playing the part of a constitutional opposition. When parliamentary institutions have been abruptly introduced and put to work, as in Ghana, the opposition has to accept the delicate position of perpetual critic without ever having known the responsibilities of power, and without much chance of enjoying them in the forseeable future. And it becomes doubly difficult if, again as in Ghana, the opposition has to defend itself against the charge that, having hampered the struggle for self-government, it should not assume any right to share in its benefits. The temptation is strong, in such a situation, to use extra-parliamentary methods—violence, where force can intimidate the government, or the machinery of the courts, in a series of constitutional cases, to humiliate and thereby discredit the government.

But of the many handicaps which face the opposition in Ghana, the most serious is probably lack of funds. In Britain, each of the main parties can keep going financially by virtue of its connections with organized labour (and the TUC political levy) or organized capital (with its private sources of party wealth). In Ghana, the opposition financed its campaigns, in part at least, by tapping the revenue of friendly Native Authorities (from stool lands, rents, chiefs' salaries etc.). But this laid both open to the charge (as recent commissions of enquiry have shown) of misusing public funds and exceeding customary or statutory powers. Yet individual contributions are difficult to come by for a party out of power, which has nothing to offer by way of material inducements or benefits, and at best are inadequate for running a modern party organisation.

From almost every standpoint, therefore, the CPP has dominated the political scene since independence. And it has extended its control over its allies—the trade unions, whose

IC general secretary is a member of the party's national ecutive, the farmers (through the Ghana Farmers' Council), e youth (through its youth leagues and Workers' Brigade), and e market women's associations. The attraction of power is ong, and it is not easy to see its limits. But, in 1959, how has is growth of the party's authority affected the non-political ctions of government—in particular, the public service and the liciary?

Perhaps the time is too short in which to be able to judge curately but, so far, the party has respected, by and large, the itish concept of a neutral civil service and judiciary. Both are ffed by a mixture of British and African officials and judges; ch is watched over by a statutory Public (or Judicial) Service ommission. Criticisms are made that government jobs go to e 'fighters for freedom' rather than those who merit them, but ch charges apply more to the public corporations—the Cocoa arketing Board, the Industrial Development Corporation and e Agricultural Development Corporation—than to the main dy of the civil service. The administration has not had an sy time, with the pressure of new legislation, and the departure many of its overseas officers on generous 'abolition terms' of tirement. But it has borne the strain well. And it is far om being a party preserve: there are, for example, senior frican civil servants at the highest level who are at least neutral nd probably antipathetic to much that the CPP stands for and oes. There is also very little enthusiasm for the CPP among udents at the University College, most of whom enter govern-ent service. But the party is apparently unconcerned about ther group and is remarkably detached in its recognition of the eed for administrative efficiency.

Charges of partiality and government interference in the admin-tration of justice are heard less often, if only because the ourts in Ghana, far more than the political machinery of govern-ent, have had a steady continuity of growth and practice. ppointments have been made since independence of senior frican and European magistrates to the bench which have uite clearly not been party appointments. (Appeals still go, or that matter, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council). Nevertheless there has been an unfortunate tendency in recent nonths for the courts to be brought into politics *via* the constitu-ion. The 1957 constitution is not an easy document to interpret, eing born of bitter political differences. It contains whole

sections concerned with safe-guarding the position and powers of chiefs and the proposed regional assemblies and houses of chiefs. And since these clauses were the price of opposition agreement to the constitution as a whole, they are naturally a source of friction still between the CPP and the United Party. But to drag the constitution through the courts, with each side straining the interpretation of these vaguely worded clauses, may in the end damage more than the loser, and bring the judiciary itself into question. Constitutional storms tend to be dangerous; for one is never quite sure what will be left standing when the storm abates.

Lastly, the question of a republic. There is very little to add to what members of the government have already said: that the question of replacing the office of Governor-General (there have been two holders of the office since independence, both British) by that of a President within a republican system is not particularly high up on the list of probabilities. But, it is on the list. The more interesting speculation is whether Dr. Nkrumah will want eventually to see a 'working President', as in Tunisia and Guinea, or a constitutional head, as in India. Very little has been heard on this, although no doubt more will be said before 1960/61 when the first post-war independence elections are due.

The most immediate problems, however, are not those which concern the outward form of the constitution, but its day to day working. With Indonesia and Iraq and the Lebanon in mind, the government can justly congratulate itself on having maintained its hold on the country since independence without losing its immense popularity, and with the minimum of force. There is no danger of a military junta imposing its will. The CPP has probably been right to stress the dangers of disunity, and the need for closer ties between each part of the country. But, admitting this need, can the party also recognise the usefulness of criticism and opposition when it is genuinely offered in the national interest? And can the opposition find a national platform—and sufficient patience—from which to offer such advice? These are perhaps the questions to be answered one way or the other in the coming few years.

ARCHITECTURE IN WEST AFRICA

ARTHUR M. FOYLE

An authority on the architecture of East, West and North Africa

is been said that there is no indigenous 'architecture' in the sense of the word in West Africa. By this it is meant that ne casual observer most of the towns of West Africa consist of llection of nondescript buildings, mostly built in a shoddy ner out of temporary materials by Africans for their own use, e all the more pretentious permanent buildings have been gned by Europeans either for Government occupation or as es for European officials. Such a cursory appraisal is very rom the truth. Early travellers in the Mohammedan Hausa s, from the days of Mungo Park onwards, were invariably ly impressed with the size and importance of the towns ugh which they passed. Clapperton, who travelled through northern parts of Nigeria in 1822, records that Katagum, t one hundred miles east of Kano, was the largest town seen e Tripoli from which his expedition had set out. It was ned in the form of a square with four imposing gates, and nded with two parallel walls and three ditches. The walls e twenty feet high and ten feet broad at the base, complete a footpath along the top protected by a low parapet. hin the walls there was a large number of mud houses, that nging to the Governor being remarkable for its size and the ber of rooms and towers that it contained.

Vith the coming of the Europeans and the establishment of ed conditions there was no longer a need for the construction rtifications. Most of them have therefore now disappeared gether, but at Kano and nearby Zaria extensive remains of the inal walls can be seen. At Kano the wall is over eleven s in length and is pierced with thirteen gates. Its height inally varied from thirty to fifty feet and in front of it was a e ditch filled with live thorns. The various gatehouses were erly planned in re-entrant angles so that they were covered re from the returns on either side; and Lord Lugard, to whom city fell in 1902, is recorded as saying that if a determined stance had been made on the part of the defenders, the city ht have withstood an interminable siege. The wall can still raced throughout its whole length, and even in its present ous state it forms an imposing monument.

In Hausaland the art of building in mud, a most unpromising material, has been developed to its highest level, and this has endowed the towns of this region with a uniformity of appearance which is in striking contrast with anything to be seen elsewhere in West Africa. This is, however, but one expression of the various historical influences—the chief being the unifying effect of the Moslem religion—which have combined to raise the Hausa people to a high cultural standard. The technique of building in mud as practised in the towns has now become standardized by long tradition and is a highly organized and specialized craft, the same in its main methods over the whole Hausa region, but varying slightly from town to town. In Northern Nigeria, for example, walls are constructed of sun-dried bricks, roughly pear shaped, which are laid on top of each other in parallel courses with their points upwards. Flat roofs and first floors are constructed in the same way, being supported by flat mud arches—cantilevered beams for the true arch, with a series of interdependent voussoirs, is unknown in traditional West African building—reinforced by lengths of split palm of a species which termites find particularly unpalatable. The reinforcement has a limiting length of about six feet, and from this it follows that the simplest form of roof that can be constructed is made by laying lengths of palm across the top of two walls spaced at about this distance apart. Arches, consisting of a number of lengths of palm bound together, may have a longer span, but the arches themselves require to be spaced at this modular distance apart so that the roof may be filled in. Thus the whole problem of roof design is to divide up the area to be covered into bays having a maximum span of six feet, and this in its turn is the controlling factor in all planning. By grouping the arches so that they run at angles to each other, it is possible, however, to build up panelled domes of considerable span, resulting in rooms in which the principal dimension may be as much as forty feet, and rooms of this size are often found in mosques or Emir's palaces.

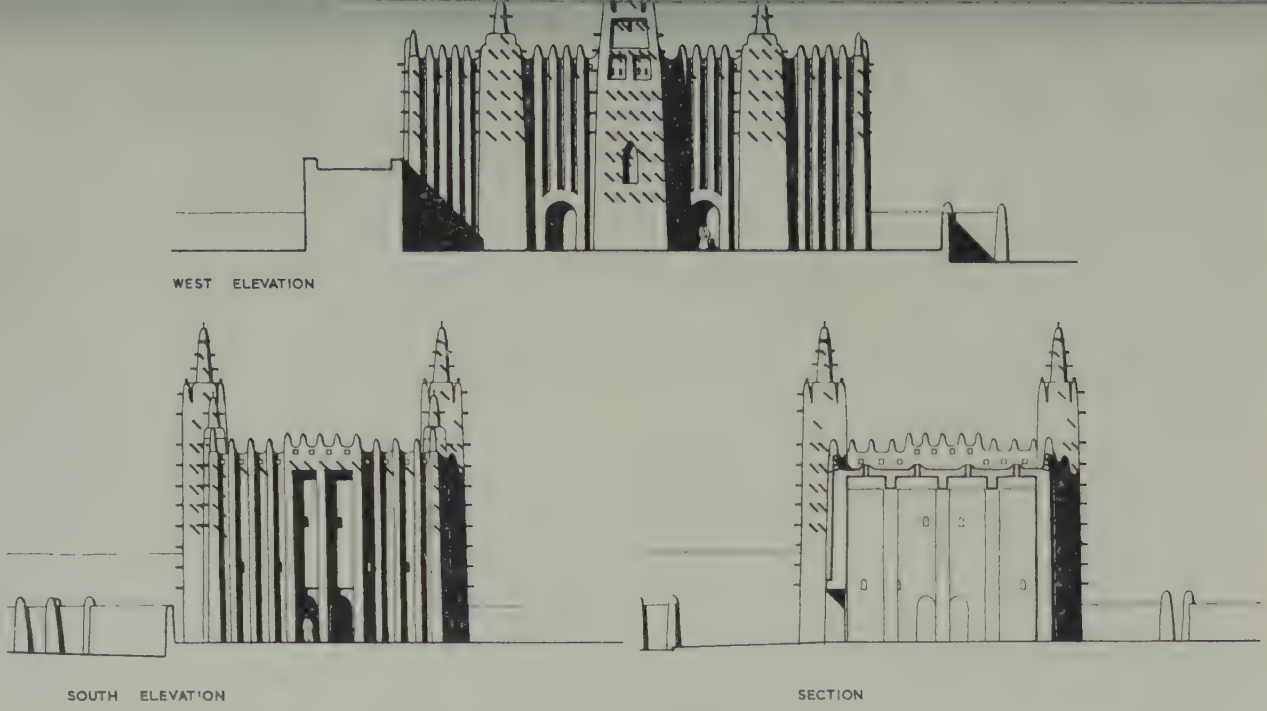
Due to the limitations imposed by mud construction, buildings of more than two stories are seldom found, and since high parapets normally surround the roofs the general silhouette of Hausa towns is a comparatively level one, with no building standing out above its neighbours. The exception, if any, is invariably the mosque. Few of those constructed in the traditional way remain, and their number is fast diminishing as the

Hausa ceiling and roof construction

fall into disrepair and are demolished to be replaced by buildi
of modern materials. This has happened at Kano, where t
new mosque, designed by the European staff of the Public Wo
Department, is of concrete and sandcrete block. The mosq
at Djenné*, in the French Sudan, is probably the most imposi
example remaining in good repair and is fortunately n
protected as an ancient monument. There is another import
one at Bobo-Dioulasso. At Mopti, however, some seve
miles to the north of Djenné, a new mosque was built in 19
using mud and palm reinforcement, and this is a good illustrati
of the possibilities of this material for the construction of
imposing public building. It is rectangular in plan, measuri
about one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. The roo
flat and is supported by no less than twenty-one massive m
columns, each about three feet square and forty feet high. T
external walls have an average thickness of about four feet, b
this is much increased by the multitude of slender buttres
surrounding the building on all four sides, which extend up t
full height of the elevation and terminate above the parapet i
series of pinnacles and towers. In addition to having a high
decorative effect, the buttresses serve a practical purpose sin
they break up the wall surface and ensure that a large area of i
in shade at all times of the day. Internally the floor is of beat
earth covered with mats for the worshippers, but the walls a
worked so smooth that they catch the reflection of the sm
amount of light coming in from the cracks in the doors which a
kept permanently closed to keep out the dust and the he
The columns occupy fully one tenth of the floor area of t
building, and the general darkness, relieved only by the glimm
of light from a series of small ventilators set in the roof, resu
in an overwhelming impression of dignity and sombre grandeu

Town dwellings in Hausaland, whether they belong to
wealthy merchant or to a poor peasant, are invariably planned
the same general principle which has the triple object of ensuri
privacy for the occupants, safety for animals and possessions, a
above all purdah for the women. Openings in external wa
are thus kept as small as possible to discourage thieves and a
protection against the glaring sun of the summer and the t
rential storms of the rainy season. The usual arrangement is
a two storey block to be built on the street frontage. This
reserved for the head of the household, his bedroom being on t

* Featured on the postage stamps of French West Africa.



The Mosque at Mopti, French West Africa

first floor. Behind it are set a series of single storey building comprising the boys' quarters, storage rooms and the wive quarters, each with their own compound surrounded by a hig wall. The principal room on the ground floor of the fro block is the 'zaure' where the master receives his friends an guests and beyond which the stranger never penetrates. Som times the 'zaure' may be detached from the main accommodatic and set separately in front of it. Behind, the whole plan is arranged as to conceal the wives' rooms from the casual visit and all approaches to them are carefully screened. Doors any one room are never placed opposite each other and there seldom any direct communication between important room it being necessary to pass through an intervening lobby.

The natural skill of the builder is best seen in the adornment the finished work. Wealthy householders have the panell ceilings of the main rooms patterned in designs of raised mu work, picked out in colour, while externally the blank areas wall are often decorated in relief—perhaps only a small pan over the front door or, if the owner can afford it, the whc elevation covered with sinuous arabesques. A newly decorat house with its façade entirely covered by geometrical desig glistening white in the high sunlight, is a striking sight.

In the belt of tropical rain forest extending along much of t coast and in the wooded areas lying immediately inland, multitude of different tribes live in houses and compounds whi differ greatly in their plan arrangement and the materials used f their construction. Two basic plan types are found, the squa or rectangular hut and the round hut with either a domed conical roof. In the forest areas the rectangular plan pl dominates. The whole construction is of forest materials, t walls consisting of a light framework of wooden membe covered with large leaves of various types, straw plaited various ways or made into mats or alternatively with ea plastered over the whole framework. The roof is of simi construction but covered with thatch.

Further inland, there is a transitional belt where square rectangular huts with walls made of solid earth and pitched ro are found. The important Yoruba tribe in Nigeria live in t type of house. Yet further inland, where the vegetation becon sparse and the fringe of the desert regions is reached, the rou hut supersedes the square or the two types are found inc criminately, often in company with the flat-roofed urban meth

A decorated house at Zaria

of building common to the Hausas. Although great ingenui and a natural sense of craftsmanship are often shown, little of th deserves to be classed as anything more than mere buildin Among some tribes, however, the houses of the chiefs, by the very size and the complexity of their planning, command attentic as examples of a highly developed architecture.

Among the most interesting chiefs' houses are those to l found at Benin, a city whose importance as a commercial cent goes back to the early days of European penetration in th fifteenth century and whose reputation as one of the princip artistic and cultural centres of West Africa is considerabl The houses of Benin chiefs have their rooms arranged around series of courtyards leading one out of the other very much on th pattern of the classical Roman house with its sequence of atri The resemblance to Roman houses is all the more remarkable fo in the centre of the roof of each courtyard is a hole which serv to admit light and air, while immediately below it in the floor a sunken impluvium with an outlet to carry away the stor water. The various courtyards may be with or without a per style of squat mud columns, depending on their size, but com mon features in them are couches and shrines constructed entire in mud, the surface of which is polished to a high glaze and has remarkable quality of endurance, so that even the oldest exampl appear to have been but recently built. The sequence of cour yards culminates in the apartments of the chief, while on eithe side or at one end, separated from the main block by narro passages open to the sky, are the wives' and boys' quarters.

The chiefs' houses in Benin have been referred to in some deta for there still exist numerous examples in the city and the represent the highest and most compact development of basic type of plan that is common to many parts of West Afric Very few of these houses have been recorded and there is a wid field of research open to anyone who is willing to undertake th task and to interpret them as expressions of a social structu that may soon die away.

During the last five hundred years an ever increasing volum of European building of all kinds has been superimposed upo the patchwork of West African architecture. The first pe manent building of any importance was the Fort of S. Jorge Mina, built in 1482 by the Portuguese on the Ghana coas This was followed by a chain of forts which until about or hundred years ago formed the principal physical evidence

pean settlement, for the early traders generally carried out business from ships moored offshore, rather than risk the ers of fever and attack which awaited them on land. During last hundred years, however, the volume of European ing has rapidly increased, commencing with the chapels of nissionaries—who at first built in the native style for reasons conomy—and culminating in the ambitious building pro- mes undertaken by the Public Works Departments and mercial undertakings during the post-war years. It is rtunately the case, however, that none of the splendid nples of contemporary architecture which are now such picuous features of the West African scene in both the sh and the French territories has actually been designed by ans—simply because there are as yet very few African itects.

ne key to the emergence of a truly West African style of itecture lies therefore in the development of architectural ation. Until recently there have been only a few West can students at Schools of Architecture in England, but the tion is now slowly improving following the introduction of a me whereby promising assistants in the Public Works artments are enabled to come to England for training, while nilar arrangement operates in the French territories. Most ose who qualify return home to take up official posts and so lerate the Africanisation of the Government services. In tion, Nigeria now boasts a flourishing School of Architecture in the Nigerian College of Arts, Science and Technology, this can be relied upon to produce an increasing flow of ified men. Regrettably, however, the number of Africans ractice on their own account remains negligible. A further ying factor in the growth of a local style is the utter depen- ce on Europe both for technical assistance and for the very erials and components required for building. The lack of can technicians is a familiar phenomenon, but in the building stry it is unfortunately felt at all levels, even to the point of being difficult to find skilled labour of the foreman class ble of supervising work on the site. It is certain, however, as the various countries of West Africa move rapidly towards tical freedom and economic independence, so the con- ons will be established in which a vigorous West African style rchitecture will flourish.

SYMBOLS AT LITTLE ROCK

NELSON P. GUILD
Ass. Professor of Government, Hamilton College, New York

On May 17, 1954, the United States Supreme Court hand down a unanimous ruling that racial segregation in public schoo denies equal protection of the laws and so contravenes th Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

Relying upon no narrow construction of constitution provisions, but upon the general methodology of sociologic jurisprudence, the nine justices stated in one of their briefe decisions that Negroes are entitled, under the Constitutio to the fullest protection of laws affording access to a dece education, and that they could not be legally separated fro whites in the public schools.

One year later the Court issued a decree which contained th general formula for implementation of its historic decisio The initiative for compliance, the Court felt, should rest wi local school districts under the guidance of Federal distri court orders.

A number of school districts followed suit by desegregati their public schools. By May, 1956, the second anniversary the decision, most of the border states—states in which Negro comprise up to about fifteen per cent of the population*—h taken steps to integrate public schools in counties with th lowest proportions of Negroes. By 1958 the number of bord districts integrated had increased wherever state legislatio permitted and wherever school officials had found implement tion otherwise practicable. In all the South, including seve teen states, 25 per cent of the school districts had integrated least in form; in the Deep South, including the nine stat which fit most easily into the south-eastern corner of the countr about one hundred out of over two million enrolled Neg students were living under integrated systems. Needless say, compliance with the Court's order would be condition not by pure civic responsibility but by the emotional curren and political exigencies running through the region, particula in election years.

In September, 1957, the nation's, and then the world' attention was drawn to Little Rock, the capital of Arkansa

* Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Tex

ederal district court had directed the Little Rock school rd to desegregate the city's schools. The attempts of nine fully selected Negro students to enter Central High School e met with resistance by Arkansas national guardsmen who e acting under orders of Governor Orval Faubus. In a swift ience of events during the following weeks, Federal authority flouted by state authority, public emotion was aroused to a ntening pitch, and, in the end, the Negro students were ompanied into the school building by U.S. Army paratroopers ng under presidential directive. Meanwhile, the Arkansas ional guardsmen had been placed under a new boss, the sident, and had been assigned the responsibility of maining order within the school.

year later Little Rock was again the focus as the integration le resumed, this time in the court-room and within the le Rock school board. A Federal district judge had ruled hostile public sentiment precluded immediate implementan of integration. Accordingly, the United States Supreme rt hurriedly convened, heard the new pleas for time by nsel for the Little Rock school board, and in most unamuous language stated that the law would not bow to defiance, blic or official. Whereupon the Arkansas state legislature, dient to its own chief executive, authorized the closing of blic schools and the transfer, by lease, of school properties to vate corporations.

This relatively simple confrontation of students with governntal authority had been designed to join the issue of court ing versus implementation in good faith. While desegregan had been modestly effected in unspectacular fashion in eral districts, all in border states, Little Rock represented most dramatic episode in which Negroes methodically tried good faith of public officials in a non-border state. As had en generally expected, that good faith was found wanting; it nained for the Negroes and the South to observe the continued ction and long-range posture of the Federal executive and liciary. In the meantime, millions of man-hours in the ssroom went by the board, many teachers began to doubt riously their prospects for future employment security,* ny high school seniors had to revise or abandon their plans for

*While white teachers' remuneration and pension systems have not, in some cases, en jeopardized by school closings, it is significant that Negro teachers may not have h optimistic prospects; moreover, teaching is one of the few professions open to the ddle-class Negro in the South.

college, and school boards all over the South were torn betwe adherence to real personal convictions and acquiescence in re authority.

Needless to say, the events in Little Rock, while focused one large urban high school, pointed up larger questions of la and order in a federal democratic system. Among the mo fundamental of those questions were these: What is the ultima efficacy and wisdom of judicial rulings which significant portio of the populace do not honour and do not intend to implemen without resistance of unforeseen consequences? How resol the conflicting democratic values involved in a dispute betwe officials of different governmental units, particularly when tho officials—Governor and President—are elected to different job for different terms of office, for different reasons, by the san people? When social change, long indicated by the subt currents of political reality, is ordered by a high tribunal, ho best to assure the realization of that change without employi coercive authority, or how best to moderate the effect of th ruling without undermining the confidence and respect witho which the tribunal cannot function? These and other questio constitute a challenge to Americans—all Americans—whic eclipses in some ways many challenges of the past.

To an outside observer of the American scene and Little Roc life must seem a curious and cruel paradox. This nation— young, proud, large, loud, arrogant, rich, extravagant, patroni ing of others, beholden at once to the Bill of Rights, the A mighty Buck, Abraham Lincoln, Elvis Presley, the Declaration Independence, hoola-hoops, the town meeting and hidde persuaders—probably strikes the child of another tradition as magnificent parody of human hopes and foibles, an acting out a Breughel or a Bosch. Here—in a nation where one need on raise a flag to elicit oceans of euphonious verbiage on the bles ings of liberty, equality, brotherhood, and "government of la and not of men"—here, as well, one need not look far to witne the trappings of economic servitude, racial caste, religiou bigotry, and procedural shortcuts in the deliverance of justic

To note such paradox is not, of course, to say anything new That life itself is a kaleidoscopic progression of paradoxes is th most fundamental of observations. What adds new interes to the study of *homo Americanus* is the lesson toward which Littl Rock points. A century after the nation began, somewha ineptly, to lick its only open wounds incurred by internal schism

United States currently faces a new challenge which, in e ways, dwarfs the gravity of the Civil War. Reflective ricans find that they are now inexorably forced beyond the fines of pedagogical exercises in "problem-solving," delicate inars in "the race problem," noble pronouncements on uality of opportunity."

While, for a long time, many Americans have expressed cern over the plight of beleaguered minorities and have even, etimes, shed a tear over the more lurid of isolated cases, e same Americans now face a real challenge in internal social stment, the significance of which is vaguely suggested by the ds, Little Rock.

artially by the inexorable movement of history, partially by unequivocal pronouncement of the highest tribunal in the , and partially by the boldness and resolve of Negro and te leaders alike, the United States finds itself confronted by a efold proposition which cannot longer be ignored, ration-ed away, or legislated out of existence:

1) The Constitution, and particularly the Fourteenth endment thereto, contains by implication and by explication he Supreme Court an absolute prohibition against the denial states of equal protection of the laws to any person;

2) The Supreme Court has at last forthrightly expressed its lingness to see racial discrimination and segregation, mani-ed in public policy, as a social evil, an economic and political dgeon, a psychological nightmare, and an infringement on l rights which the Federal government has the duty and power combat;

3) The Negro in the United States has achieved a political ce which will continue to ring loud and clear until he is sfied that barriers to an equal legal and educational footing h whites have been substantially overcome.

This proposition arises, of course, from the immediate cumstances and language of the 1954 Supreme Court case and m subsequent experience in its application. What is more to point in 1959, however, is the great measure of long and hard lection which the case requires of any American not in-biting the lunatic left or the rabid right. The Court has oken, the Negro still speaks, and the South continues to respond many ways to a phenomenon which was destined to become a jor conflict when the first African slave stepped onto these ores.

II

Little Rock, Arkansas, then, is first and foremost a symbol i this confused and relentless theme which bedevils the America mind. Other localities in the South might, as well, serve th same symbolic purpose were it not for the added measure o drama and jurisdictional conflict which Little Rock affords an which the press is always quick to exploit. That unhapp city reflects several features of the problem which the observe must grasp in order to rise above the much easier perspectiv of a "good-guys-versus-bad-guys" morality play.

First, Little Rock is symbolic of a sectional tradition which in the process of being undermined, not simply because much o it is now unconstitutional, but because it is economically an politically obsolescent. In this sense, Little Rock represents place on the frontier of racial equality where the forests tradition, habit, and myopia—nurtured in an agrarian, one-cro economy—stand reluctantly before the axe of progress. Th metaphor suggests that, once root and branch are removed, th soil will be receptive to new and different seeds. The soil, or must add, will itself require generations of nurture and intelligen cultivation. If this is true in Arkansas, whose population i 22 per cent Negro, then how much more true it is in other par of the South, particularly in Louisiana, Alabama, South Carolin and Mississippi, where Negroes constitute from one-third nearly one-half of the total state population.

Hence, Little Rock serves as a testing ground for a gener upheaval in educational structure, to be sure, but also in soci structure at large. This particular vehicle of upheaval—the have been others—happens to be the high school level of publi education. It is here, in the early years of meaningful intellectu activity, that the seed is to be planted (although some Southe graduate schools had been ordered earlier to admit otherwi qualified Negro applicants). To project this upheaval into th future is to envision an age when black and white sit togeth *as a matter of course* throughout the entire educational experienc Such an adjustment must comprehend the acceptance of chan by those whose thinking years have been spent within a milieu separateness, embracing a dead-serious, undramatic acceptan of racial segregation and discrimination. Neither easily n swiftly will anyone perform the job of persuading a large portio of a nation that Negroes are not, in fact, destined to be th hewers of wood or the modern reincarnations of Canaa

her the judicial pronouncement that "the Constitution is ur-blind," nor the directive to achieve integration "with all perate speed," nor the very factual presence of an armed lier will precipitate this upheaval, simply because it is one of e upheavals which refuses to be precipitated: it is a funda-ital social adjustment, not a coup d'état.

econdly, Little Rock symbolizes the exacerbation of a juris-ional conflict which is as old as the Republic itself: the eral-state conflict over the proper vertical balance of govern-ital powers. In the last 169 years innumerable battles have urred over the assertion of greater or broader authority by the eral government. The instant case involves an area of lic life—education—which state governments have tradition-organized and regulated. But here, as in many other cases he past, state law and Federal law converge in conflict on the vidual who lives under both; the Constitution (Article VI), c, and practical necessity require that Federal law remain reme. Unhappily for the tidy mind, it is human beings, not pets, who live under this federal system which assumes at one ment the shape of an eminently sensible device for an ex-sive republic, at another moment, the blurred form of a vering and haunting ambivalence.

Advocates of Federal initiative have argued that the rapid wth of the nation to size and power has justified the achieve-nt of greater unity of policy in many areas: commerce, ural resources, public improvements, social welfare activities, —in the twentieth-century—preoccupation with national urity. Moreover, the social and economic ills which ac-mpany industrialization and urbanization (now reaching the th in very noticeable proportions) call for the assumption of ater responsibility, by the national government, for providing t neither the economic welfare nor the political equality of individual be ignored or impaired in this growth process. The argument for centralization in this case would conclude t the post-Civil War amendments to the Constitution, igned to elevate the Negro to full status of citizenship, along h the steadfast refusal of state governments to breathe life o those amendments by providing decent educational facilities the Negro, indicate the need for Federal responsibility in ening the doors of public schools, racially integrated, to the gro. As, on other occasions, states have failed to respond, ough inability or unwillingness, to pressing problems which

cry for effective and decisive action, so in the area of public education and the Negro the failure—indeed, the resistance—of states to act requires once more the affirmative arm of Federal authority.

On the other hand, opponents of Federal action in this and in other circumstances are not without their arguments. Nor does unanimity exist among those opponents on the reasons for opposition. One view, an old and increasingly feeble one, is that Negroes are biologically, politically, economically, and psychologically unsuited to first class citizenship in schools or elsewhere. Proponents of this view draw upon the age-old irrationalities which feed the uninformed and the insecure mind. Accepting the high crime rate, low literacy, and economic squalor of many Negroes as manifestations of Providential design, such protagonists reason in a curiously twisted fashion that Negroes are uneducated, slothful, poor, irresponsible, and perhaps even smelly because they are inferior. The upshot of this logic is that Federal *or* state action to improve the lot of the Negro in education or elsewhere simply represents dangerously misguided, and irrelevant reformism.

Other opponents of firm Federal action, representing a somewhat less biological approach, argue that solution of the Negro problem in and out of schools must rest with those most intimately concerned with the problem: the states, the people in those states, and the Negroes. This is the view which despairs of the overweening arm of the Federal government as a means of coercing remedial action. Since the status of Negroes in American society has been determined by generations of conditioning by a particular economic system, political monopoly by whites, and a firmly rooted posture on the social station of blacks and whites, any fundamental alteration of such a milieu will similarly require generations of slow, purposeful voluntary action and psychological conditioning.

Moreover, this argument runs, the South is doubtless the least receptive area for any exercises in Federal muscle-flexing. The South has not forgotten the Civil War, nor has it lost sight of the humiliation of Reconstruction. The doctrines of nullification and interposition propounded a century or more ago by such stalwart states-righters as John C. Calhoun could look to no more stimulating a challenge to revival than the khaki-clad figure of a Federal paratrooper on the streets of Little Rock or the brutally crisp dictum of a Federal court. The posture of an

al Faubus, then, should come as no surprise to any American dful of his nation's past.

n sum, the proponents of local, voluntary action see in Federal nority only a challenge to Southern legislators, executives, , generally, citizens, to open new vistas of ingenious circum- tion and subtle defiance. Evidence abounds in the form of il placement laws, the leasing of public school property to *hoc* private corporations, the cutting off of public funds to grated schools, anti-NAACP laws, and countless other des with the same design. The danger of such animosity, inning in the hallowed halls of justice, is that resistance to eral authority can be transformed, monster-like, into whole- defiance of all law and order by mobs of half-informed, otionally-charged, demagogue-fed men and women who feel are on the side of the angels. The capacity of such mobs do good or evil is known but to God, but the contagion of pair, of fear of the unknown, and of the latent brutality of ich Hobbes was wont to speak is all too evident in the mass monstrations of frightened Little Rock mothers, in the con- ued inhumanities visited upon Negroes (particularly the more ll-informed Negro leaders), and the bombings of synagogues l churches, which have so distressed and humiliated responsible ericans in the South and in the world.

III

The cliché is again of service: the die is cast. The Supreme urt has rendered a constitutional interpretation which must hd or fall on the good sense of Americans and on the good h of their political leaders. Thus far the world has seen, by l large, only the sparks flying from the wheels of counter- ling authority. But the wheels are, after all, moving in the ection of compliance and fulfillment. While demagoguery, rition, and potential anarchy remain on the scene, one can be ured that Federal authority will continue to nudge and to y the overseer, assisted by the voice of common-sense.

And after the South has exhausted its resources for legal cumvention and has lost its tedious battles-by-litigation, en legislative proposals for Congress to clip the wings of the preme Court have (one would hope) been thought better of, l when the proximity of black skin with white begins to ld the dividends of accepted routine, Americans will again tle down to the business of living undramatically with the ts of political life.

TOWARDS AN AFRICAN LITERATURE VIII: CONFLICTS AND LOYALTIES

DR. A. C. JORDAN
Lecturer in Bantu Languages, University of Cape Town

In our last instalment, we paid special attention to William W. Gqoba, the dominant literary figure of the earlier part of the 19th century. His poetry, as we have shown, reflects the social changes of his time. But in order to get as full a picture as possible of this epoch, some attention must be given to his lesser contemporaries, most of whom were far less ready than he was to accept the idea that the white people "gave up their homeland for love of us blacks". In fact, the great *Discussions* on Education and Christianity—would seem to have been an attempt on Gqoba's part to meet the sceptics of his time.

This period marks the most rapid, most drastic political, economic and social changes hitherto ever known by the Southern Africans. It marks the climax of the Wars of Dispossession: the final conquest of the Xhosa (1877), the Zulu War (1879) and the Gun War in Basutoland (1880-1). Having been led to believe that this was a conflict between Christianity and Paganism, most of the Christian Africans had either remained "neutral" or had made common cause with their "Christian brothers" against the "pagans". But now they were doubtful about their own peculiar position in the new establishment.

In *Isigidimi SamaXhosa*, the monthly which was the main organ through which they could express themselves, many writers of this period give some attention to the war, its purpose and achievements. Somehow, this endless fighting, in which they often find themselves involved, is in conflict with the Christian idea of "peace and goodwill towards men". These doubts are aggravated by the actions of the conquerors, who seem always able to speak "with a double tongue".

Writing about unemployment in Port Elizabeth, L.L.D. relates that those who sought employment were told that there was road work to be done in Cradock. Transport was provided for those who wanted to go there, and a large number of men at once came forward. They were given two shillings each and told to climb on to the waggons. It was then learnt some months afterwards that these men had never been taken to Cradock, but packed off for compulsory military service.

In April, 1878, William Ayliff, Native Commissioner, made an nnouncement through *Isigidimi* that "women and children who ook food to the Xhosa warriors in the fastnesses were pro-nging the war unnecessarily. It had therefore been decided hat such women and children were to be shipped to Cape Town, o remain there until the war was over. Those of them who hose to remain in Cape Town could do so. When the war was ver, the husbands and fathers would be shipped to Cape Town, ree of charge, to claim their own".

What happened at the end of the war is to be found in two rticles. One is written by 'Hlati Lomtontsi' (Mtontsi Forest), vho says: "What has anybody, whether black or white, 'hristian or Pagan, gained by this war? Yes, the white people erhaps may claim to have gained something, for don't we see ttle magistrates all over the land? But for us, blacks, the osition is so bad that even those trustful people who always ng the praises of the large-hearted White Queen are silent. Ve were told that after the war, those men whose wives and hildren had been shipped to Cape Town would be allowed to go here at no expense to themselves in order to claim them. But vhat do we hear now? That instructions have been issued that o black male may be given a permit to travel to Cape Town."

An eye-witness of what happened in Cape Town wrote as S.B.M.' and said: "I write in tears. Children of the ages ; 5, 6, and 10 have been hired out as servants. The mothers, vho were kept at a place called the "Kaffir Depot," had no dea what had become of their children. This morning, I appened to be at the "Kaffir Depot" when five policemen came nd ordered the women to pack up and board a ship which would ake them to East London immediately. When the women efused to leave their children behind, they were forced out at he point of the bayonet. One woman actually took out a knife nd tried to stab herself to death. But she was immediately eized and dragged like a log of wood to the docks where all he women were shipped amidst heart-rending cries."

In his article, 'Hlati Lomtontsi' makes it clear that there is nly one solution to this suffering. "Is it the spear? No, we have tried this and failed. The only solution is learning and knowledge. By knowledge I do not mean just book knowledge. mean that kind of knowledge that will make us realize that ach one lives for all. Nor must this knowledge be confined o the males. Our young women must have it too. When you

weed a mealie-field, you do not jump from one mealie-stalk to another, removing only those weeds immediately around the plant. You remove every weed whether it is near a plant or not."

I. W. W. Citashe, a poet of this period, writes in a similar strain:

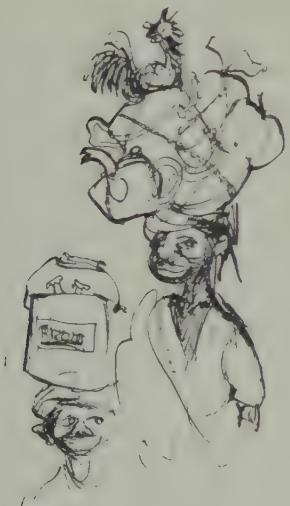
"Your cattle are gone, my countrymen!
Go rescue them! Go rescue them!
Leave the breechloader alone
And turn to the pen.
Take paper and ink,
For that is your shield.

Your rights are going!
So pick up your pen,
Load it, load with ink.
Sit on your chair,
*Repair not to Hoho,**
But fire with your pen."

The few short stories written at this period make depressing reading. The rapid changes are undermining the African's manhood in all walks of life, and the writers are concerned with this rather than with entertainment. A story about "the King of Death" shows the havoc wrought by liquor. The King of Death issues a proclamation that he will award a prize to the courtier who brings the greatest number of subjects to his Kingdom. A number of courtiers come forward and take turns in giving an account of their stewardship; among them, Asthma, Fever, Cyclone, Accident and Liquor, in that order. When Liquor enters, he is not steady on his legs, and his speech is thick. But he is sure of himself. He shows that he has served his king more loyally than the others have. Among other things he has made young men age before their time and die. He has picked on the most beautiful girls, destroyed their virginity, deprived them of their youth and beauty, and finally brought them to the King of Death. After listening to Liquor's account, the King of Death does not wait to hear any more. Satisfied that Liquor is the most loyal of all his courtiers, he awards him the prize.

* Mountain-forest stronghold where the Xhosa Chief, Sandile, was shot and killed.

Here then, we have the African writers now face to face with military conqueror who lurked behind the missionaries. e earliest writers saw no connection between the two. But ore the end of the century, the writers had begun to wonder if interests of the spiritual and the military conquerors were not ntical. The sons of the missionaries now fill the "little gistracies", mentioned by 'Hlati Lomtonsti'. An occasional iter goes so far as to express some doubt as to whether the ssionaries themselves are likely to remain long amongst the ople. When a later writer, Mqhayi, said that Britain, "sent the preacher and sent us the bottle; sent us the Bible and sent gunpowder", he was expressing a disillusionment that had been t as keenly, if expressed less artistically, by his predecessors y years before him.



Papas

DEBBIE GO HOME

ALAN PATON

It was too late to do anything or hide anything. There was the front gate clicking and Jim de Villiers walking up the path one hour before his time. The room was strewn with papers and pins, and there was Janie in the new white dress, that cost more than any dress had ever cost in that house, or in most other houses that they knew.

Janie was in a panic because she saw her father walking up the front path, an hour before his time. She was a docile child and obeyed her father in almost everything. Now she and her mother were deceiving him, and they were going to be caught in the act. She wanted to run, hide, cry, anything but stand there and wait.

Mrs. de Villiers saw that her daughter was in a panic, wringing her hands and wanting to run and hide. "Stand still", she said sharply. "It was my doing, and I'll take the medicine. And don't talk unless your father orders you to."

Then Jim de Villiers opened the front door that led immediately into the combined living, dining, sitting room of the small house. He was angry at once. It didn't look good to see your daughter in a panic because you got home unexpectedly. It didn't look good to see your wife standing on guard, assuming already that you were going to attack her and her daughter. It didn't look good anyhow to see that you had stumbled on a secret that wasn't meant for you. What if one of his friends had been with him! That would have been a fine thing to see.

He put down his hat and his lunch tin, and then he looked at the scene, daughter being fitted by mother into a dress of some stuff all shining and silver. Then because no one would speak he had to say, "what's all this about?"

"It's a dress, Jim," said his wife. Some other time he could have laughed, not now, with the whole thing hanging over him. But she didn't wait for him to laugh or not laugh. She went on as though she had learned a speech in the minute that it took him from the gate to the door.

"It's the first Debutantes' Ball," she said, "and it's going to be next month in the City Hall. Our girls are going to be received by the Administrator and his wife. I didn't think you'd like it, Jim, so I thought we wouldn't tell you."

Why didn't you think I wouldn't like it? "he asked, posely obtuse, "I've nothing against a ball."

She didn't answer him, so he said, "who's organising it?"

"The Parkside Mothers' Club, Jim."

De Villiers sat down. "The Parkside Mothers' Club, eh? what about the Parkside fathers? Are you making fools of m all?"

"They don't all hold your views, Jim."

"They don't," he agreed. "If they did, we shouldn't be casts in the country where we were born."

He returned to his attack. "Why did you think I'd be against ball?" he asked.

He watched her stonily, and he looked at his daughter too, but didn't look at him.

"Shall I tell you why?" he said, and when she didn't answer, said again, "shall I tell you why?" So that she replied unlingly, "yes, you tell me why."

He went to the job with satisfaction. "You've got some high ite folks to receive our girls," he said. "They'll smile at em and shake their hands, and the Administrator will talk a of shit about the brotherhood of man and the sisterhood of omen. But if one of our girls went to his house next week, would be to the back door."

He looked at his daughter and said to her angrily, "haven't u got any pride? Why can't you be what you are, instead of hat the white people think you ought to be? They don't ink you're good enough to shake hands with them, but for the ke of this brotherhood shit you're allowed to shake hands with e Administrator. I suppose you're proud of that."

He continued to look at Janie, but she would not look at him.

"Talk to me, Jim," said his wife pleadingly, "I got her into is."

The girl came to life.

"You didn't," she said. "I wanted to be presented from the me I first heard."

"Shut your bloody mouth," her father shouted at her. You don't belong to the Parkside Mothers' Club, do you?" e turned to his wife. "I'll talk to you," he said. "You ant our girls to be received by the Administrator, do you? eceived into what? Into a world where they take away your te and your house. Do you need a white Administrator to do at? How can a white man receive you into our kind of

world? And why the hell should he?''

His anger was overpowering him and he stood up. ''Who made him Administrator?'' he shouted. ''The Government, the same bloody Government that took away our votes and our houses, and can make me a black man tomorrow if they feel like it. So you get their man to come and receive our daughters at a ball''.

He rounded on his daughter. ''Wait till your brother gets back from the university,'' he said. ''Tell him you're going to a Debutantes' Ball, and a white man is going to welcome you into the world that he and his friends have made for you. What do you think he'll have to say?''

He put his head in his hands in such a way that his wife called out ''Jim, Jim,'' and took a step towards him.

''Don't touch me,'' he said. ''It's you who's driving me mad, licking the hand that whips us. Making me ashamed of all coloured people''.

Mother and daughter watched him anxiously, but he suddenly pulled himself together.

''Where did you get the money for the dress?'' he asked. ''From what I give you?''

''No, Jim. I sewed for it.''

''How much was it?''

''Four pounds.''

He spoke to his daughter. ''Take it off'', he said. ''And never put it on again''. He sat down again, trembling a little.

Janie looked at her mother.

''Go to your room and take it off'', said her mother. ''And stay there till you're called.''

When her daughter had gone she said, ''Jim, go and lie down.''

''Lie down? What for?''

''You're sick.''

''Yes, I'm sick all right, of all this belly-creeping to the same people that take away our rights.''

She shook her head at him.

''Why are you home early?'' she asked.

She knew him well. He could never hide anything, it all showed in his face. Something was badly wrong. When something was wrong, all the heart went out of him.

''There's trouble at the factory,'' she said.

He put his head in his hands again, this time covering his face. She went and stood by him, and said to him, ''have they put you

?''
He shook his head. ''Not yet,'' he said.
''When will they put you off?''
''We don't know. It's not certain yet.''
''What's the matter? Is the market bad?''
''No.''
''Jim, I can't hear you, speaking through your hands like that.''
e took his hands away from his face, and knelt down by him,
lding them.
''Are they dissatisfied, Jim?''
''No.''
''Do they say you're too old?''
''No.''
Baffled, she searched his face. He had brought bad news
t he couldn't tell.
''Jim, you must tell me. I *must* know.''
Then it came, seeming to tear at him as it came out.
''It's a new law,'' he said hoarsely. ''A new law. The
lustrial Conciliation Act.''
''What does it say, Jim?''
''It says the Minister can reserve any occupation. So we
ıy have to go. We. We. The coloured men.''
She jumped to her feet. ''The wickedness,'' she said. ''O
e wickedness!''
She had no more to say, nor he, until she asked him again,
why did you come home early, Jim?''
''I was sick,'' he said. ''Just plain sick. I seemed to bring
all the food I ever ate. The boss said, what's the matter,
n? I said it just made me sick to hear there was such a law.''
''The wickedness,'' she said. ''O the wickedness!''
''The boss said, Jim, it's not my fault. I said to him, you're
ite, aren't you. So he went away.''
Suddenly he shouted at her.
''I suppose you think I did wrong. I suppose you think I
ould of got down on my belly and licked his hand.''
''No, Jim, I would never have wanted that.''
''But you want your daughter to shake their hands, and curtsy
them, and be received into their bloody world!''
''That's why!'' she said. ''There's many a hard thing
ming to her as well. I'd like her to have one night, in a nice
ess and the coloured lights, dancing before the Administrator
the City Hall. We get kicks aplenty. I wanted her to have a

boost. And for one night the young men will be wearing gloves and bowing to her as gentlemanly as you like, not pawing at her in some dark yard."

"It was good enough for us," he said.

"You never pawed at me," she said. "But don't you want it to be better for her? Don't you want her to begin where you left off?"

"Where I left off?" he asked. "Where did I leave off? With a law that took away my job, and a law that took away my vote, and a law that's going to take away my house, all because I've a coloured skin? Can't you see it's going to be worse for her?"

"That may be," she said. "That's more reason I want her to have just this one night. Jim, go and lie down. I'll bring you a cup of tea."

He got to his feet.

"All right, I'll go," he said. Then perhaps he thought he was being too obedient. He said, "you go and comfort the debutante."

He went into their bedroom and shut the door, and she sat down and put her head in her hands too, not so much hopelessly because she was never hopeless, but because she couldn't see a way out of this hopeless mess. She sat there thinking for a long time, till a voice said to her, "what's got you down, Ma?"

"Nothing's got me down," she said, "not yet. Johnny, how long have you been home?"

"Quite a time," said Johnny, "quite a time."

He was a gum-chewing nonchalant, and one of the militant students at the university.

"How many things have you heard?" she asked, "One or two?"

"Two."

"What are they?"

"The lost job," he said. "And the lost ball."

"And the lost mother," she said, "who doesn't know what to do. But it's your father I worry about."

"He hopes too much," said Johnny. "He knows what the world is like, yet he goes on hoping. And when the blow comes, it knocks him down."

"Don't you hope?" she asked.

"I hope?" he said. He laughed with worldly wisdom. "I hope for nothing," he said fiercely, "nothing, nothing, noth

I hope for nothing that I won't get my own way." He ghed again. "You ought to be pleased that I'm that way," said. "What does the Bible say? Blessed is he who hopes nothing, for he shall not be disappointed."

"The Bible doesn't say that," she said.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"How would I know? But even if the Bible doesn't say it, God's own truth."

"Johnny, you've got to help. You can think what you like, ieve what you like. But you've got to help me to get Janie that Ball."

His face turned ugly.

"To be received by the Administrator," he said. "Not me."

"I know what you say," she said. "That he's white. I ow he's white too. But the night of the Ball he's the ministrator, he's not white any more, he's got no colour."

"He's always got colour for me," said Johnny, "a dirty nking white. And I'll help no sister of mine to shake his nd! Can you see the sense of it? It's not the ordinary pple we're allowed to shake hands with, only the big shots. ow does that make sense to you?"

"It makes sense to me," she said pleadingly. "He's the dministrator, he belongs to us all." She waved him quiet. Give me a chance to speak," she said. "I know we didn't ct him or appoint him," she said, "but in a way he's above all lour. But that's not my argument, Johnny . . ."

"I know your argument," he said. "You want her to have e night, one night of magic and romance. You want her to in a shining silver dress, like the Duchess of Musgrave Road." parodied her argument without pity. "She'll get kicks, or little girl, and they'll take something more away from her nen she grows up, and they'll call her a tottie and think that e'd sell herself for a bottle of gin, but this one night—just is one night—let them treat her like a queen."

The boy was pouring it out hot and strong, till he looked at s mother, and saw that she had put her head in her hands again. e lost his enthusiasm at once, and said to her, "why should I lp you for that?"

She didn't lift her head, but she said to him, "because I'm ur mother, because it's your mother wants this one thing, this ne harmless thing."

There was a knock at the door, and she said to him in a whisper,

"I can't face a visitor, make some excuse." Then he saw that she was afraid of weeping. He opened the door, and went out quickly, but in a minute he was back. His mother was wiping her eyes, and she said to him, "who was it?" "Someone wanting the Tomlinsons," he said.

He stood and looked at her, and remembered a thousand acts of love. He went to her and said, "don't cry, Ma, I'll do it for you. This once, and never again."

"I shan't want it again," she said. "Only this once."

He threw his eyes up to heaven piously. "Only this once," he said in a false high voice, "let her be treated like a queen."

She blew her nose and laughed.

"Tell your father I'm making the tea," she said. "I hope this won't get you into trouble with the Unity Movement, Johnny."

"That would no doubt cause you grief and pain," he said.

"I can't say that," she said, "but I don't want trouble for you."

"I'll look after myself," he said, chewing his gum. He went to his parents' bedroom and knocked on the door. His father said "come in," and there he was lying on the bed.

"Have a cigarette, dad."

"Thanks, Johnny, don't mind if I do."

"Smoke while you can," advised his son cynically. "Ma's told me about the job. Has it got you down?"

"Yes, son," said his father apologetically. "For the time it's got me down."

"It's because you hope for the best and fear for the worst," said his son. "I expect the worst, so when it comes, I don't take it hard."

"You were lucky," said his father defensively. "I was brought up in a world where we always hoped for the best. But you live in a time when no false hopes are left. I was a Smuts man, don't forget."

"Smuts," said Johnny contemptuously. "Who was Smuts?"

"Johnny," said his father, "You see me down now, but I want to be up tomorrow. I want to speak at the union meeting. Will you help me with a speech?"

"A hard speech?"

Jim de Villiers considered it.

"I want a fighting speech," he said. "I want to stand up for our rights, but I don't want to blackguard the whites. I don't want trouble, Johnny."

'You don't, eh? Then why don't you let Janie go to the ?''

im looked at his son. ''I don't get you,'' he said. ''Are wanting Janie to go to the Ball?''

ohnny chewed his gum. ''*I* don't want her to go to the ,'' he said carelessly. ''But her going to the Ball is the e of a speech.''

His father sat up on the bed. ''Do I hear you right?'' he d.

'You hear me right,'' said Johnny. ''It's the price for a ting speech, free of all hatred, bitterness, resentment, full of about freedom and the rights of man. No one will give a better.''

'Why are you doing this, Johnny?''

ohnny chewed his gum. ''Because Ma said to me, I'm your ther,'' he said. ''And your mother wants your sister to have ight as a queen.''

He looked at his father with expressionless eyes.

His father said, ''I don't understand you, Johnny.''

'You don't have to understand me,'' said Johnny. ''You have to tell me, is she going to the Ball?''

'I don't understand you, Johnny. It was mainly because of that I said she couldn't go.''

'Now it'll be mainly because of me that you'll say she can '' said Johnny.

im de Villiers lay down again. ''You beat me,'' he said.

'I beat lots of people,'' said his son. ''Just tell me, can she so I can get on with that speech.''

De Villiers sat up again.

'All right, she can go,'' he said, ''on one condition. Tell how you justify it.''

'Rock-bottom necessity,'' said Johnny. ''If I boycott erican food, and I'm dying of hunger, and everywhere und me is American food, then I eat American food.''

'You eat American food so you can go on boycotting it,'' de Villiers.

Johnny smiled against his will. ''You're getting better,'' said. ''Listen, Dad, I can't study in a house of weeping men.''

'Was your mother weeping?''

'As near as she gets.''

'Son, don't tell her we bargained for it.''

"O.K. I won't. See you again."

He went to his room which was no more than a bit of enclosed verandah, and sat down at his small table to think about the speech on freedom and the rights of man. Then on second thoughts he got up, and hauled some posters out from under his bed and put them against the wall where they could be seen. They were all headed DEBUTANTES BALL. One said, DEBBIE GO HOME, and another, ornamented with a bar of music, asked WHO STOLE MY VOTE AWAY? The third one was his own, but his friends thought it was too learned, for it said, WELCOME, SPICK LITTLE LICKSPITTLE. When he had put them up, he sat down at the table, but his thoughts were not on the speech, they were on his mother's entrance.

Then she burst in, with her eyes shining, and she would have embraced him if she had not suddenly seen the new decorations.

"I suppose you came to thank me," he said.

"I did."

She sat down in the other chair, and looked at the posters.

"You can't do that now," she said.

"Why not?"

"You can't," she said. "You can't give with one hand, and take away with the other."

"I gave you your share," he said hotly. "That's my share there."

"You can't do it," she said. "If you take your share, mine's worth nothing. Do you think that's fair?"

"I can't help it," he said. "We fixed this up long before I knew you wanted Janie to go." When she said nothing, he went on, "what we're doing is an important thing. You can't just stop because your sister's going to a ball."

"I understand what you're doing," she said. "I understand what you want, you and your friends. But don't you ever let up? Don't you ever have mercy on anyone?"

"Mercy," he said, with a sudden flight of fancy, "it's like a door of a cage. Open it once, and everything's gone."

"Do you know Hazel's going to the Ball?" she asked.

"Yes," he said defiantly.

"What about Fred?" she asked. "Is he acting the same way as you?"

"Yes."

"The world's mad," she said. She stood up and rubbed her brow with the back of her hand. "Brother against sister,

band against wife. You know what Christ said."

He looked at her with annoyance. She took an unfair antage of him by talking religion. He could sneer at white ople's religion, but not at hers.

"Go your own way," she said. "But let me teach you one ng about giving. When you give, give with your whole heart. n't keep half of it back."

She went out and closed his door. As all his attention had en on her entrance, now it was on her exit. He heard no ors opening, no voices speaking. The house was quite silent. hen he could stand it no more, he followed her, and found sitting in the living-room, in the evening dark.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

She answered him in a matter-of-fact voice. That was her y, that was why you had to live your life with her to know at she was.

"I'm thinking it out," she said.

She didn't ask for help, he knew she wouldn't ask for any. spiritless husband, a day-dreaming daughter, a tough son, they ren't much use to her.

"If it'll help you," he said, "I won't let Janie see me."

She considered his proposition. "How will you do that?" e asked. "You know where the cars will stop, outside the in foyer. Where will you be, inside or out?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" he asked. "All I'm saying I won't let Janie see me."

"Is Fred doing the same for Hazel?" she asked.

He could not help admiring her cleverness.

"That's Fred's business," he said.

She got up and he saw that she was intending to kiss him, so waved her away.

"Don't thank me too much," he said harshly. "She'll see the others."

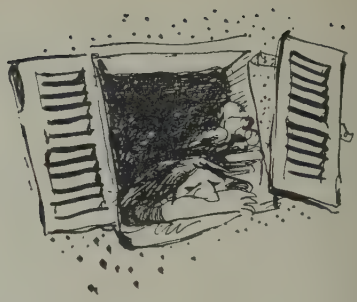
But she kissed him all the same.

"Give the kiss to Fred," she said. "Now I'll go and tell nie the news."

At Janie's door she turned and gave him a smile.

"You'd better get on with your father's speech," she said.

BOOK REVIEWS



A Long Way from London by Dan Jacobson.
Published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson, London, 1958. Price 15s.

ANOTHER young Jewish South African remarked of Dan Jacobson's third novel, "The Price of Diamonds", that *only we* could really appreciate how well it was done. It is tempting to re-apply that commendation to "A Long Way from London." For this collection of twelve short stories is full of things specifically *ours*—settings, atmospheres and human types, situations, problems and perplexities which it cannot fail to bring us the thrill of familiarity to come across as neatly caught, as feelingly recorded as Jacobson has them in these pages.

But if no more than this could be said in Jacobson's favour, our praise would be backhanded indeed. The thing has been done before, and in itself is not far beyond the scope of every second-rate journalist. Besides, it is *only we* who experience this particular thrill: our familiar glimpse may be the metropolitan reader's blank of strangeness. From London they have a longer way to go for meaning and pleasure in this book. But it was worth mentioning what the metropolitan reader is not going to get because it is closely related to one of the chief things I imagine he is going to get. That is a portrait of us.

Jacobson is one of us. That is why his reminiscences have their power over us. And his reminiscing is done in the process of building up (most probably unintentionally) an expressionistic self-portrait: in his own person he appears in prominent roles in five of the stories. But it is a portrait not so personal that it fails to give an essential line or two in the profile of a generation.

In the early works of Plomer, van der Post and Campbell, South Africa heard the voice of her angry Young Men about thirty years ago. And not much later Jean Blignaut, Herman Malan and the others associated with "The Sjambok" expressed,

ugh in a very different idiom, something akin to the spirit of Beat Generation. We, in this segment of the present neration that is represented by Dan Jacobson, still care, so we not Beat. We are sharply aware of wickedness; but we also aware of its complicating insidiousness. The wicked ablishment molly-coddles us. We find it difficult to apportion blame, nearly impossible to dissociate ourselves from me. Decision and derision are almost out of the question. We are not Angry Young Men, but Awkward, Ashamed, ologetic Young Men.

The mood of much of this volume, accordingly, is contrite. e first story confesses something very like a failure to be man, and the last a failure to be heroic, while "mea culpa" unds repeatedly in the intervening pages. Now, apart from interest it lends to the portrait, this apologetic state of mind Dan Jacobson's is probably the source of several of the good ngs in these stories. At the same time, however, it is rtainly the source of Jacobson's worst literary faults.

Jacobson's writing, on the whole, has the authority and conteness of keen observation. In description he is both lucid d evocative:

". . . the desert was in the sudden gust of warm wind that rose with no rustle of leaves to warn of its approach; the desert was in the wailing call of the train that rumbled round the outskirts of the town, beginning its long drag to the south, to the sea . . ."

narration he is quiet but compelling.

He also has—and this is both paradoxical in Jacobson and rare hong South African writers of English, who usually can't see e character for symbols—the grace of nonchalance when he is scribing African or Coloured characters. Like many Afrikaans iters, he accepts simply what is before his eye and is not shy of ving his black characters the same fleshiness and familiarity as gives his white ones.

But the best thing about these stories relates rather to conption than to execution. Jacobson's ideas are rich and various. The Zulu and the Zeide", his story of the tender relationship at develops between a "raw" young Zulu and the weakinded old Jew he is hired to keep out of harm and trouble, who not even have a language in common, is as irresistible as ything I know of in South African literature. In contrast is The Stranger", about a wealthy man's retirement to a neglected

Karroo town in preparation for his death: an elaborate parable (significantly, about detachment from and involvement in social issues) that is rather more subtle than any of Olive Schreiner's. What is distinctly Jacobson's own, is his flair for a special type of episode: brief, often simple exchanges between characters that crystallize whole complicated situations; miniature dramas charged with a sort of tortured meaningfulness.

In "The Box," an inconveniently elaborate gift made by a Coloured "boy" for his young masters is made over by them to be more suitable for its purpose; when he discovers his work destroyed he astounds them by weeping. In "After the Riot" a posse of sixteen jittery policemen looking for African political trouble-makers in a factory yard find only an African couple making love.

These examples indicate how Jacobson's "apologetic" state of mind leads him to some of his best material. But the urge to placate the social conscience also leads him in several instances to the misuse of his material and his powers. He has to make sure that his fables have the "correct" meaning. He is anxious on this point, and so, instead of trusting to his own considerable narrative power, he frequently interpolates footnote-ish comments (one of them begins: "I suppose my attitude could be verbalized into a wonder . . .") which are usually dispensable and sometimes quite unacceptable. Instead of leaving the events in his stories to speak, as they so eloquently could do, for themselves, he surrounds the firm core of incident with a great, soft area of commentary, explanation, interpretation: there is something decidedly out of joint, for instance, in his comments on the episode in "A Day in the Country". And finally, even when there is less of this commentary, now and again he brings situations and incidents into puzzling conjunctions, as though he would force them into a mutual relevance which, as in "Stop Thief!", does not clearly emerge. Need he be quite so uncertain of himself?

LIONEL ABRAHAMS

A Time to Speak by the Rev. Michael Scott.
Published by Faber & Faber, London, 1958. Price 21s.

HAEL SCOTT has taken part in many world causes and is now
ıe thick of another. He writes of deep religious experiences
intense emotions, and these are all of profound significance
is life, taking up a great part of his book. But what we need
onsider particularly in "*Africa South*" is the impact he has had
is having still on African affairs.

would narrow the field even more and leave out of the count
important part he played in the reinstatement of the Kabaka
Buganda and the Bamangwato Chiefs, Seretse and Tshkedi
ma. Neither campaign has the hallmark of defenceless
ery that one finds in the other African causes for which he has
ght.

lost pitiful of all is the case of the African convicts held in
farm prisons of the Eastern Transvaal for some petty breach
nisunderstood pass laws, and then flogged to work on wretched
ons. That horror continues, and the threat of it hangs for-
r over the head of any African who grows articulately resentful
nis oppression. The number of Africans assaulted—some-
es to death—on these farms mounts year by year, and the
isory punishments meted upon the guilty mocks us in our
ıal dedications to honour and justice in the Commonwealth.
Commonwealth too can hardly be the name for a society of
ons among which there is one which treats the people of
ther as the Union of South Africa treats the Indians.

When Michael Scott stood with the little groups of Indian
sive resisters in Durban to meet the attacks of the white
b, he identified himself with a race of pariahs. Since then,
partly through his influence, these people have found friends
speak for them in the United Nations, but they are still being
regated and robbed of their property and occupations.

Michael Scott's calibre as a statesman has never been so clearly
wn as in his long-drawn struggle at the United Nations for the
rero people of South West Africa and the education of inter-
ional opinion against the annexation of that mandated territory
South Africa. In this long campaign all the honours have gone
him, but not what he would consider his only reward. For
actual position of the people remains unaltered. It was a
at triumph that he should have persuaded the General
embly to hear him as a delegate of this scattered and defeated
)e. Throughout his account of this, he stresses the impor-

tance of avoiding a single false step which would have given his enemies the chance to discount his evidence and deny him a hearing. The caution with which he moved through each different stage has been reflected in his attitude to other issues in Africa. It was necessary that he should have kept out of the rights and wrongs of the Mau Mau revolt and its suppression. To have given any excuse for the world to brand him as the champion of men who were widely accepted as obscene and brutal savages, would have reduced the influence he needed to help the Hereros. It is valuable to Africans that Michael Scott and the Africa Bureau should be in a position to put forward from an uncommitted position, aloof from extremes, compromise solutions that are not, merely because they issue from that source, unacceptable. And that is the position that he has gained by unremitting patience and care and statesmanship.

What then is his achievement in altering the political position in Africa?

The Government of the Union continues to suppress the mass of its subjects by violence. But the world knows of the situation, and white South Africa is infamous throughout the world. The Union Government still holds South West Africa and administers it as a province of its own. But the member states of the United Nations are affronted at this arrogance, and Great Britain is shamed by her need to champion her associate. The Federation of Central Africa was established in the face of Michael Scott's opposition, but the people of this country are more alert now than they were to check the relentless grasping for power of the settler minority. The Asians in South Africa are still bullied and robbed, but India and Pakistan are growing impatient. In each issue where so little success can be seen, Michael Scott with the African Bureau, Fenner Brockway with the Movement for Colonial Freedom, and, of course, Canon Collins with Christian Action are building up a weight of public displeasure at home and abroad that will first stop and then reverse the policy of the oppressors.

This book is a very personal record by one of these champions. It will help us to see the reasoning and the emotions that are behind the increasing effectiveness of the movement in Britain and the United Nations against racial persecutions.

T. S. L. FOX-PITT

SPONSORS

TH AFRICAN

GARET BALLINGER M.P. *Native Representative.*
TOR W. BALLINGER *Native Representative.*
BUTLER *Poet and Professor, Rhodes University.*
AVIDOFF *Former Labour Member of Parliament.*
CK DUNCAN *Journalist.*
L. HARRIS *Professor, University of the Witwatersrand.*
G HELLMANN *Ex President, Institute of Race Relations.*
HEPPLE *Former Leader, Parliamentary Labour Party.*
L. HOERNLÉ *Ex President, Institute of Race Relations.*
CUPER *Professor, University of Natal.*
E-WARDEN M.P. *Native Representative.*
LOVELL *Former Labour Member of Parliament.*
A. J. LUTULI *President-General of the African National Congress.*
MACQUARRIE *Ex Native Education Inspector.*
RED MAXWELL *Professor, Rhodes University.*
McPHERSON *Chairman S.A. Labour Party, Ex Mayor of Johannesburg.*
G. M. NAICKER *President of the Natal Indian Congress.*
AN K. NGUBANE *Journalist.*
PATON *Author of "Cry the Beloved Country."*
RT. REV. R. A. REEVES *Bishop of Johannesburg.*
TOR LESLIE RUBIN *Native Representative.*
WELSH *Writer, Economics Lecturer.*

GLISH

DAVIDSON *Writer.*
AS EDWARD DRIBERG *Journalist, Lecturer, Broadcaster.*
OR GOLLANCZ *Publisher, Writer.*
RIMOND, M.P. *Leader of the British Liberal Party.*
HATCH *Writer.*
IER TREVOR HUDDLESTON *Master of Novices, Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield.*
NETH KIRKWOOD *Rhodes Professor of Race Relations, Oxford.*
N LEGUM *Journalist.*
HON. A. CREECH JONES P.C., M.P. *Ex Secretary of State for the Colonies.*
SSLEY MARTIN *Editor, New Statesman and Nation.*
N ROSS *Writer.*
REV. DONALD O. SOPER *Methodist Leader.*
RT. REV. JOHN LEONARD WILSON *Bishop of Birmingham.*

ERICAN

ER N. BALDWIN *Chairman, International League for the Rights of Man.*
BOLIN *Judge, New York City.*
WYCK BROOKS *Author and Critic.*
OTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY *Writer and Radio Moderator.*
KENNETH B. CLARK *Race Relations Psychologist.*
IS FISHER *Author and Journalist.*
N GUNTHER *Author and Journalist.*
REV. DONALD HARRINGTON *Chairman, American Committee on Africa.*
Minister, Community Church of New York.
REV. MARTIN LUTHER KING *President, Montgomery Improvement Association.*
RGOOD MARSHALL *Special Counsel to the N.A.A.C.P.*
BENJAMIN E. MAYS *President, Morehouse College.*
BI ISRAEL MOWSHOWITZ, PH.D. *American Jewish Leader*
REINHOLD NIEBUHR *Writer and Theologian.*
REV. WALTER P. OFFUTT *Assitant Secretary, Protestant Council.*
RIGHT REV. JAMES A. PIKE *Bishop of California.*
TOR G. REUTHER *International Affairs Director, United Automobile Workers.*
ANOR ROOSEVELT *U.S. Statesman.*
AMAN M. THOMAS *American Socialist Leader.*

correspondence to be addressed to the Editor, Ronald M. Segal, P.O. Box 1039, Cape Town, South Africa.

Branch offices:

ITED KINGDOM: Miss R. Ainslie, 31A John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.
ITED STATES OF AMERICA: Mrs. S. Pauley, 320 West 87th Street, New York City.
EST AFRICA: Mr. E. Mphahlele, Dept. of Extra-mural Studies, University College, Ibadan, Nigeria.

NTED IN THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA BY PIONEER PRESS (PTY.) LTD., CAPE TOWN, AND
I ISHED BY THE PROPRIETORS, AFRICA SOUTH PUBLICATIONS (PTY.) LTD., NEW BRIDGE COURT
KOEBERG ROAD, MAITLAND, CAPE.